



LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

TLS

INDEX OF BOOKS REVIEWED

VACANT APPOINTMENTS AND PUBLIC NOTICES &c

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Art

- J. Fernández: *Mexican Art* 1248
J. Maas: *Victorian Painters* 1248
J. Soustelle: *Mexico* 1248

Biography and Memoirs

- H. Buisson: *Touche* 1265
L. Edel: *Henry James* 1245
J. K. Galbraith: *Ambassador's Journal* 1247
M. Grant: *Julius Caesar* 1262
B. Nichols: *The Sun in My Eyes* 1251
L. Woolf: *The Journey Not the Arrival Matters* 1251

Fiction

- J. Cheever: *Bulwer Park* 1249
H. James: *The Wings of the Dove* 1245
R. Kelly: *The Scorpions* 1249
R. Kluge: *National Anthem* 1249
J. Leigh: *The Rains of the Mountains* 1249
T. C. Worsley: *Five Minutes, Sir Matthew* 1249

History

- J. P. V. D. Balgdon: *Life and Letters in Ancient Rome* 1248
A. Eban: *My People* 1253
V. Ehrenberg: *From Solon to Socrates* 1261
H. V. Hodson: *The Great Divide* 1257
M. Mallet: *The Borgias* 1255
G. Martinelli (Editor): *The World of Renaissance Florence* 1255
B. N. Pandey: *The Break-up of British India* 1257
N. Rubinstein (Editor): *Florentine Studies* 1255

Literature and Criticism

- G. de Torre: *Ultramarine, Existentialism and Objectivism in Literature* 1261
M. Höpke: *Literature, Music and Mystik im Frühwerk Hugo von Hofmannsthal* 1261
U. C. Knoepfelmacher: *George Eliot's Early Novels* 1252
K. Marsden: *The Poems of Thomas Hardy* 1252
G. Pickers: *Hofmannsthal's Dramen* 1261

Science

- P. R. Medawar: *Induction and Inference in Scientific Thought* 1261
D. Maudsley: *The Human Zoo* 1252
A. H. Schultz: *The Life of Plants* 1252

Travel and Topography

- F. H. W. Hassell: *An Introduction to Holy Land* 1261

Music

- N. Wilkins (Editor): *The English Lute, Recorder and Violin* 1262
G. L. Watt (Editor): *For the Young* 1262
G. Hughes: *Druid* 1262
F. Routley: *Words, Music and the Poet* 1262
P. I. Willets: *The Henry Law Manuscript* 1262

Politics and World Affairs

- G. Hugo: *Britain in Europe* 1261
G. Miles: *The Prophet Mosaic* 1261
F. Pinder and R. Price: *Europe and the World* 1261

Religion

- G. de Torre: *Ultramarine, Existentialism and Objectivism in Literature* 1261
M. Höpke: *Literature, Music and Mystik im Frühwerk Hugo von Hofmannsthal* 1261
U. C. Knoepfelmacher: *George Eliot's Early Novels* 1252
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G. Pickers: *Hofmannsthal's Dramen* 1261

Science

- P. R. Medawar: *Induction and Inference in Scientific Thought* 1261
D. Maudsley: *The Human Zoo* 1252
A. H. Schultz: *The Life of Plants* 1252

Travel and Topography

- F. H. W. Hassell: *An Introduction to Holy Land* 1261

Visual Arts

- J. Fernández: *Mexican Art* 1248
J. Maas: *Victorian Painters* 1248
J. Soustelle: *Mexico* 1248

World Affairs

- G. Hugo: *Britain in Europe* 1261
G. Miles: *The Prophet Mosaic* 1261
F. Pinder and R. Price: *Europe and the World* 1261

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F. Pinder and R. Price: *Europe and the World* 1261

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F. Pinder and R. Price: *Europe and the World* 1261

THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

THURSDAY 6 NOVEMBER 1969 • No. 3,532 • ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE

THE ARCHAEOLOGY OF YOUTH

VERNER KINDT (Editor): *Grundriss der Deutschen Jugendbewegung 1900-1933. Die Wandervogelbewegung. Dokumentation der Jugendbewegung.* 1,098pp. DM 48. Cologne: Eugen Diederichs.

THIRTY YEARS after its demise, the German youth movement has become a subject of academic study and, more than ever before, of controversy. The reasons are obvious: it is no longer seen as a baffling, unique phenomenon but as a specific manifestation of the generational revolt which, in one form or another, has erupted recently with great intensity in many parts of the globe. It was of course "typically German" up to a point, unthinkable in any other country; but whereas its specific traits were shaped by circumstances of time and place, certain aspects of its basic character are of much broader significance. While it was still in existence few people in either Britain or America knew about it or took any interest: D.H. Lawrence was one of the few, but he too believed that a youth movement would not gain adherents, for, as he said in a letter, "the English have so little togetherness, or power of togetherness."

When a group of young Germans came to this country in 1927 to meet some of their contemporaries, they were told by a senior member of the Foreign Service in his private capacity, needless to say that he was not impressed by their acutely self-conscious nationalism:

"It was a remarkably astute observation, but the speaker seems to have been oblivious of the fact that there had after all in Britain a youth movement of sorts, albeit politically and morally less ambitious than its German counterpart, and that it was, in fact, doubly young character."

which made the Germans so different from the British. For one of the basic tenets was that youth should be led by youth, if they were to fulfil the "mission of the young."

In England, unlike Germany, youth movements did not become a matter of political protest. This is largely explained by reference to the relatively stable conditions in English society; on the other hand, the youth movements were themselves important agencies in the development of the moral and psychological resources which helped the generation to take the strains of the depression.

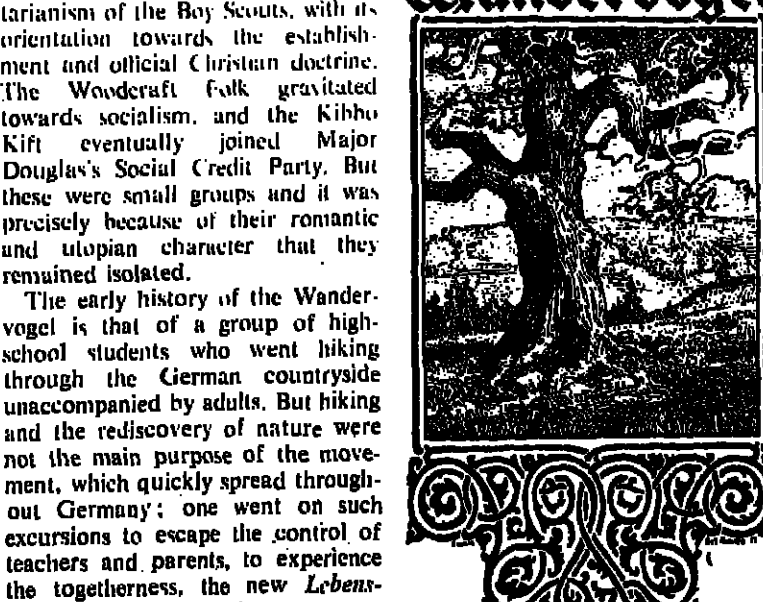
Successful English youth movements were not simply movements of the young. Rather they were fully designed attempts to respond to their needs and demands, to harness their energies for great causes approved by adult leaders—imperial defence, national defence, international co-operation, national efficiency and so on. Technically they were restricted by the political, ecclesiastical and other forces of the establishment, and by the demands of the young were contained, absorbed, and redirected, with a view to their being used for the benefit of the nation.

It is not surprising that the youth movements of the 1920s and 1930s were much closer to their



Above: members of the Wandervogel in 1910. Below: design of 1911 by Rudolf Sievers, a member of the Wandervogel.

Wandervogel



Above: members of the Wandervogel in 1910. Below: design of 1911 by Rudolf Sievers, a member of the Wandervogel.

clearly during the second phase of the youth movement, when the idealists took over. A study of the literature of this period involves reading a great many romantic effusions, a great deal of nationalist bombast and plain gibberish. But it is nevertheless a worthwhile effort, likely to provide food for thought for a whole generation of historians, sociologists, and psychologists with an interest in youth revolt. The German youth movement experienced most of the problems and expressed almost all the ideas which continue to preoccupy students of generational conflict to this day. For this reason the study of the movement cannot be recommended warmly enough. Even though the conclusions reached cannot be simply transferred to a later period, such a study still is more illuminating about recent events than

the various ad hoc theories recently advanced by baffled western psychologists and sociologists, ranging from misplaced references to the Oedipus complex to the revolution-against-affluence and revolt-against-technologization-of-man concepts.

Former members of the German youth movement, far from being flattered by the attention it has of late been receiving, have been deeply disturbed, and it is no doubt to this feeling of apprehension that we owe two massive new collections of documents, which are to be followed by others. The youth movement produced an enormous literature, including many hundreds of journals, most of which are inaccessible today; the *Grundriss* provides a collection of some of the basic writings of a movement which was composed of a great many different political, religious, and social ingredients; *Wandervogel* is a documentary survey of the internal development of the Hinde in their early stages. The purpose behind these publications is no doubt to defend the youth movement against its detractors, but the selection has been made fairly: there is no attempt to embellish or to gloss over those of its features which now make for embarrassing reading.

Professor Filmer clearly says in his introduction to *Wandervogel* that the youth movement reflected all the defects of the German *Ständeherrschaft*—the romantic hangover, the excessive irrationalism of its political thinking, the lack of democratic experience. Former members of the Wandervogel and the Hinde have been willing to admit that much since 1945, but they feel that the attacks made by some writers in recent years have been out of all proportion to whatever sins their movement may have committed. They claim that its aims and activities have been misunderstood or wilfully distorted, not only by foreigners but even more blatantly by a new generation of young German historians. To be misunderstood is a common enough complaint among Germans, but in this instance it is not altogether groundless. While the movement still existed it attracted wide publicity only after Hans Bliher published his history of the Wandervogel, and later on as the result of the writings of Gustav Wyneken, the preacher of youth culture.

Bliher was a middle-headed pseudo-philosopher with great but totally unwarranted intellectual pretensions. *Wandervogel* was his most readable book, but it owed its success to the sensational revelations about homosexuality in the movement. Wyneken was an educator of genius who claimed that German youth had neither the right to, nor the opportunity for self-expression until he appeared on the scene. He was not a modest man, and though he must have heard of Comenius, Pestalozzi, and a few other predecessors, these names do not figure prominently in his writings. Wyneken was in many respects a typical representative of the idealist school in German philosophy: *Gefühl* and *Geist* are the key words in his writings. "Tending towards the left in politics and glorifying youth, as representing 'man's eternal hope,'" Wyneken had the misfortune to have been born too early: very much of an outsider during his lifetime, he would no doubt have become in our age an

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE

- Sir Gerald Nabarro, the British Communists 1271
- Four views of Rembrandt 1272
- Reviews of novels by Piers Paul Read and Elizabeth Jane Howard and of stories by V. S. Pritchett 1273
- Drinks 1278
- Roosevelt's foreign policy in the 1930s 1281
- Poland's rough road to independence 1285
- Letters from F. S. Dainton, James MacGibbon, Oliver Stallybrass, Montgomery Hyde, Kenneth Young, Quentin Bell, Basil Davidson, Leonard Mosley and Gavin Ewart 1282

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MONDAY, 6th NOVEMBER

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of the culture heroes of the New Left — somewhere between Herbert Marcuse and Che Guevara.

Neither Blüher nor Wyneken was in any way typical of the youth movement, its character and ideas. The Wandervogel was anything but a philosophical or literary movement; its early leaders were modest men who had no interest in abstract ideas. These two were intellectual, and the intellectual was wholly out of place in a movement which came into being in reaction against anemic and arid intellectualism and which reflected a fresh awakening to life, spontaneity, human warmth. There was much resentment among the rank-and-file Wandervogel about outsiders like Blüher and Wyneken, who tried to explain the youth movement by introducing categories profoundly alien to its spirit. But there was worse to come.

After 1945 a new school of historians and sociologists appeared on the scene which was interested only in one aspect of the youth movement—its relationship to National Socialism. Since the Nazi era has been the central event in recent German history, this interest was neither unhealthy nor unwarranted. These historians wanted to establish to what extent members of the youth movement had been precursors of National Socialism (or at least auxiliaries to the *Völkische Bewegung*). The *Crisis of German Ideology*, their approach was not exactly welcomed by the former members of the movement, who claimed that books like Howard Becker's *German Youth Band or Free* (1946) or Harry Pross's *Legend, Era, Politik* (1964) falsified the past. The youth movement, they argued, was made up of groups of boys and girls who were unpolitical; one could not fairly read into their youthful romanticism a purpose and meaning which simply was not there. Many of them had admittedly been influenced by the nationalist and *völkisch* concepts prevailing at the time, but others had resisted them. The whole issue had not been central for the activities of the youth movement.

There is something to be said in defence of this line of argument; it was inevitable that historians in their search for the roots of National Socialism should subject the youth movement to critical re-examination. But such investigations are difficult; they require not only a thorough knowledge of the various youth movements, but judgment, historical perspective, and a feeling for the period in which they developed. It is dangerous to stick too closely to an analysis of the manifestos of the youth movement and its mentors; exercises of this kind are likely to produce the most astonishing discoveries: Martin Buber, for instance, may well appear as a predecessor of Alfred Rosenberg. Need it be said

that Buber's concept of the "voice of the blood" was not quite identical with that of the Nazi philosophers?

Such obvious mistakes unfortunately occur quite frequently nowadays. A study of the history of the Jewish youth movement in Germany, published in a recent issue of *Germania Judaica*, maintains in all seriousness that the Nazis derived their idea of *entartete Kunst*, book burning and all, from Max Nordau's *Degeneration*. The author, a young German, cites an enormous range of sources and writes not without sympathy for his chosen topic. And yet the impression likely to be gained from his account, and even more from his selection of documents, by readers unfamiliar with the subject is that the Zionists really belonged to the *völkisch* camp, with their emphasis on race, blood, and soil, and the other components of their mystique; while their opponents, the assimilationist Jews, were hopeless simpletons joining in the general German hurrah patriotism in the obviously mistaken belief that they would be accepted as equals by their German contemporaries. The quotations are all correct, the textual similarity is startling, the evidence seems overwhelming.

If a friendly historian of the Jewish youth movement can be misled to such an extent, it is not surprising that less well-meaning historians of the German Blüde should have reached even more hair-raising conclusions. This is not to deny that there was a substantial element of lunacy in the youth movement, that the romantic epics appear from this distance incomprehensible and at times comical. Even if one leaves aside the lunatic fringe of the movement, it is difficult to make any sense of the talk about redemption, the Holy Grail, the myth of the Reich, the cult of the Samurai, and the other strange concepts which had their fervent believers during the 1920s. But no age has a monopoly of madness, and it may do no harm if those baffled by the antics of the Wandervogel and the Blüde occasionally ponder what future generations of historians will make of the higher idiocies of our own times, the youth movement of the late 1960s with its ecstatic confessions and millenarism, its cult of witches and astrology, its hopelessly muddled ideology and the gibberish of many of its appeals and pronouncements.

The temptation to condemn and deride the youth movement of an earlier age is only natural but it should be checked by a sense of history. This is not to advocate an attitude of *tantum proderit, non pariter damnavit*, but it implies, for instance, understanding that it is neither fair nor realistic to expect from boys and

girls in their late teens greater political judgment and foresight than from the intellectual leaders of their age. If blame and guilt have to be apportioned, it is the mentors, not the disciples, who should get the greater share.

The historian of the youth movement has to be aware of the magnitude of the task facing him. It is comparatively easy to unravel the intricacies of diplomatic negotiations provided copies of the relevant documents are accessible. But how to do justice to an inchoate movement of generational revolt, with its conflicting, often rapidly changing views, its intangible but very real dynamism, the quality of life distinguishing it from its surroundings, the quasi-religious emotional experience shared by its members? The mood of a generation is only rarely reflected in historical documents, and even then they do not necessarily provide the most reliable guide.

A youth movement has a certain resemblance to a love affair, and the difficulties facing the outside observer are similar: the intensity of a love affair cannot always be reconstructed from the communications exchanged between the partners; the writers of great love letters may not necessarily be great lovers—and vice versa. The dominant feature of the youth movement was not its manifestos, its programmatic articles, its published views about politics or sex, but its way of life, and this is more likely to find its reflection in a good autobiography or a great novel. Such novels unfortunately do not exist; there were a great many poets and writers in the ranks of the movement, but none seems to have been inspired in his later years by his youthful experiences. It is nonsense to claim, as some old Wandervogel have done, that the history of the youth movement can be written only by someone who shared their experience. But it is true that more than a thorough knowledge of archival sources is needed to understand what it was all about.

The world of the Wandervogel of the years before 1914 has now receded into the distant past and seems unreal. Perhaps the historians of some future period will find that world of Fidos drawings, folk songs and dances, with its unquestioning religiosity and patriotism, a more interesting and rewarding subject; much further away in historical time than the sixties or seventies dividing us from the age which came to an end with the outbreak of the First World War. It may have been a happier world, but its problems seem now altogether irrelevant. The war was the great divide; if the pre-1914 Wandervogel appears unbelievably antiquated, the movement of 1919 seems almost uncannily modern. The

war had radicalized it and given it a political bent. True, there had been a few groups even before 1914 advocating the destruction of the old school and university and dissociating itself in toto from the world of the adults with their mendacious conventions. But these radicals were not typical; nor was the demand for sexual freedom as voiced by the young people who edited the periodical *Der Anfang*. The cultural malaise of the pre-1914 decade found different channels of expression all over Europe, and the typically German manifestations were certainly less radical than those of, for instance, Italian Futurism.

For the great majority of the Wandervogel it was the war that spelled the end of their innocence. The reports of Ehmer, Busse Wilson and others in the *Grundschriften* convey the atmosphere of the early postwar meetings and the issues discussed with such vehemence. Part of the movement joined the extreme left, others the radical right, and some were in favour of opting out from this sinful world altogether. Both left and right were hostile to soul-destroying capitalism, materialism, the alienation of man; everyone agreed that the old world was beyond redemption, and many thought that nothing less than total revolution would put things right. The cure suggested was the class struggle, the dictatorship of the proletariat, and world revolution. Speakers claimed that the great aim of the liberation of mankind could be achieved only if Western culture was destroyed down to its roots. This demand, too, enjoyed great popularity on both the left and the right, and Ernst Jünger found many to admire his diatribes about the joys of destruction, an idea that goes farther back and has been re-echoed in our day. It should be added in parenthesis that while everyone was in favour of socialism, a genuine socialist youth movement emerged only in Austria: the reasons why the Austrians succeeded where the Germans and other Europeans failed remain to be investigated by the historians.

On the fringes of the German movement all kinds of eccentric theories and activities were discussed and practised in 1919. With the *Neue Schär*, the predecessors of the hippies appeared on the scene with their ecstatic dances, Asian mysticism, and flower power. Elsewhere the first urban and agricultural communes were established. The revolutionaries of 1919 were much fewer in number than their grandchildren of fifty years later, the higher education explosion had not yet started and there was no television to promote their cause. But so far as essentials are concerned, all the basic ingredients of present-day

youth politics and youth culture already existed fifty years ago. Innovations made in the last half-century seemed so attractive, and so different from the old world, that they were taken as a sign of progress. The *völkisch* radicalism, which disappeared, which of course was not entirely based on rationalizing love and new targets found for the aggressive instincts. The cultural malaise of 1969 is probably more serious than the cultural malaise of 1919 simply because it is so subtle and so limited.

The ideologies of youth movements are interesting in so far as they reflect the spirit of their age, such they deserve careful study. There is a danger of taking them too seriously. Youth movements are great many sterling qualities: sincerity, idealism, the spirit of self, but they usually lack common sense, political sophistication, originality. The metapolitical movements are always more cant than their declared aim, and now are most strikingly so. Helm Stühlin wrote in 1911, "Fever and Salvation—Youth Movements".

Behind the big words of a high-sounding idealism, there was a feeling of helplessness, a feeling of spiritual poverty and emptiness, a great and deeply moving longing for a new world. The *Kulturpessimismus* was the formative influence, the sole exception of Nabarro. But in being both witnesses and participants in a crisis of time, the historians have been attracted to the dimensions. Whether the situation a generation in the past turns to the extreme left or right, whether the endless digressions, and its general rationality manifests itself in anti-intellectualism or in rational questions, but they touch the core of a problem which can be understood only on the level both of consciousness and the unconscious. The real movement lies in this direction.

If the generation of the Wandervogel and the Blüde has been denied by the way the history of the movement has been written, even less happy about today's rebels. They are horrified by the self-discipline, the obsessive total rejection of all authority, the experience of real life may well with their light and mainly imaginary dangers of the achievements of post-war youth. The generation of 1919, that even if they were more in their use of obscene words, were once considered as rebels by their elders. They preached moral relativism and revolution. But the more

POLITICS

among them recall the heavy price paid by their generation, and they cannot be explained by the usual references to the moral bankruptcy of the older generation, the sickness of the age, and the injustice of the social order. The frightening aspect of the contemporary movement is not its political extremism, its rejection of the political establishment, not even the largely verbal cult of violence. The real danger is collective regression under the banner of the fight against repression.

However, the recuperative powers of a young generation should never be underrated: the Jena debate of 1919 did not after all end in a cataclysm. After having discussed the revaluation of all values, the unles-

ing of the soul (*Entfesselung der Seele*), Taoism, destruction of Western culture, and having agreed in principle on world revolution, all the participants—according to their chronicles—retired to a Konditorei to devour enormous quantities of ice-cream, coffee, and fruit-cake with whipped cream. The temptations of the consumer society are now even greater and more corrosive. It is not at all certain that the present romantic exaltation, the boredom and the enthusiasm will outlast the next decade. The movement will no doubt leave its traces, shaping the spirit and way of life of the 1970s, until—this much seems certain—a new generation will challenge and condemn it as rotten and corrupt.

What the boulder has got

HALD NABARRO: *NAB 1: Portrait of a Politician*. 344pp. Robert Maxwell. £2 10s.

One would deny that Sir Gerald Nabarro has greatly enhanced the reputation of Parliament. His campaign of levity and gravity is a little like the time when Lord Hailsham, who was then leader of the House of Lords, was away in Moscow signing the Test-Ban Treaty, and could not therefore speak for the Government (as he would have had to do in opposition to the amendment). This bizarre chain of circumstances freed Lord Hailsham to offer himself as a candidate, albeit an unsuccessful one, for the office of Prime Minister; and at the same time Lord Home became free to snatch it from him. It was the tenacity of Sir Gerald which perhaps did more than anything else, however unwittingly, to forge the links in the chain. His account of the affair, though not profound, is full of entertaining bits of history; but it omits the ironic climax.

Few of his other causes have been so memorable in their results, and some have ended in bathos. The affair of the tax on road licences, which he alleged was to have been increased sharply in the 1969 Budget, was one that earned him no credit, though he still insists that he "won" his contest with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, on the single but ridiculous ground that the tax was not in fact increased. Such inability to recognize any single occasion on which he was actually wrong, and was severely trounced

for his pains, is one of the few unattractive features of Sir Gerald's self-portrait.

Another is his inability to distinguish between constructive criticism and active disloyalty. He pretends to be campaigning in support of his party-leader while persistently drawing scornful attention to his shortcomings and even comparing him in veiled language to Neville Chamberlain. It is not surprising that he finds himself often described as a cad and a roller, but he clearly prefers to be so described rather than to be ignored. Perhaps his favourite quotation about himself is that "the boulder has got something". It is true: he has got energy, assiduity, charity and courage.

It would be ungenerous and would take up too much space, to parade a full list of examples. Suffice it to say that what Sir Gerald has to contribute to the political discussion could have been contained in a book one-tenth of the present size. The rest is exhibitionist knockabout supported by tedious catalogues of names—for instance, those who voted with him against Schedule A income tax, or in favour of the renunciation of peerages: those who entered the House of Commons with him and what has become of them; those who have held certain ministerial offices since 1945, and so on. There are also long excerpts from Sir Gerald's debates on radio and television with other eminent controversialists, which do not repay the effort of resuscitation.

Along the line

JAMES KLUGMANN: *History of the Communist Party of Great Britain*. Volume 2: 1925-1927. 373pp. Lawrence and Wishart. £3 10s.

Mr. Klugmann plods forward with the history of the Party of which he is "one of the foremost theoreticians". This second volume covers only two years, and takes the story up to the end of 1926 or thereabouts. The third, we are promised, will cover events up to the beginning of the Second Labour Government (1929), and an indefinite number of "further volumes" is foreshadowed. The whole exercise threatens to become an intolerable bore—as well as an expensive one, at 70s. a time. It must be admitted, however, that volume two is much more readable than volume one. Even the combination of impeccable orthodoxy and stodgy style that Mr. Klugmann displays could not entirely deprive the story of the General Strike of its fascination. But very much better accounts have already been written, and Mr. Klugmann's cannot be very strongly recommended. Its main characteristic is its consistent over-estimation of the role played by the Communist Party. This is achieved by selectivity rather than by inaccuracy in the presentation of the facts of the case.

In this volume Mr. Klugmann has a fairly easy throw to plough. If one can accept the view that, correctly led, the General Strike could have developed into a serious attempt

to overthrow capitalism and its alter ego, "bourgeois democracy" in Britain, then the Communist Party had the right policies. Moreover, it was reasonably free from internal controversies and on excellent terms with the Comintern. Indeed, the Sixth Plenum of E.C.C.P. (February-March, 1926) congratulated it for playing "an important and leading role in developing the revolutionary role of the working-class struggle of Great Britain", and for "its correct application of the united front". This happy relationship was facilitated by its "soundness" on Trotskyism.

Only towards the end of the period did "some differences of approach" begin "to show themselves within the leadership of the British Communist Party". These were to become accentuated during the years that immediately followed, and to result in an important reconstruction of both leadership and policy. It will be of some interest to connoisseurs of "official" Party histories to see how Mr. Klugmann copes with these tricky events.

As a propagandist historian Mr. Klugmann is not very effective: as any other kind of historian, he is hardly to be taken seriously. How one wishes that someone less partisan and more critical might be given the access to the archives that he has received!

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RENE-VICTOR PILHES: *Le Loum*. 400pp. Paris: La Saul. 25 fr.

M. Pilhes brandishes his alienation-effect at the reader: a form of literary B.O. Like those television comedians who constantly refer to their previous series and to their script, he barks back repeatedly to his first, prize-winning novel *La Rhubarbe* and spends much of his second retelling the hardships of literary creation, his plans for structuring his story and, generally, revelling in the closed-circuit joys of auto-critical writing.

To the reader, *Le Loum* offers incidental benefits, but no overall coherence. It is a fantasy, written in mock-heroic language, of a son's tormented love-hate relationship with his mother, and recounted in varied and often contradictory ways. The crux is a trial of strength: the offspring's attempt to usurp the progenitor's power, mainly by means of his superior verbal prowess. The mother that the author is "liquidating" is he simultaneously creating. But in this combat between reality and the artistic representation of reality, it is unclear who finally wins.

The book is rife with admitted Freudian references: an enormous

Oedipus complex, phallic and scatological imagery. "Le Loum" itself is a Pyrenean peak, much of the time afflicted with the pox. The characters undertake journeys through the interior of the human body. Incestuous sex, in variegated postures, flourishes. The bizarre events, in their arbitrariness, resemble "happenings".

The hatred of the begetter yields at times to compassion, and the book comes alive then, as too in the moments of panic which the narrator experiences. M. Pilhes seems aware of the danger of taking hyper-conscious writers: that of "taking your own navel for the centre of the universe". What probably interests him most is strategy, shifting alliances, and the problems of controlling the uncontrollable.

The incidental benefits include some fine flights of comic fancy (a baby, born during a Popular Front demonstration, giving the clenched fist salute on appearing into the world), and an evident love of experimenting with the resources of language. But M. Pilhes could do with sloughing off his family obsessions, his taste for endless excretions, in order to concoct some less esoteric mixture in his ebullient alembic.

Other new novels

KATHERINE BLAKE: *Are You Trying to Annoy Me?* 180pp. Macmillan. 30s.

There are rules, in certain types of fiction, designed to ensure that the lean-jawed hero gets his blonde mistress, that the armchair detective gets his crook, or, as in Katherine Blake's novel, that the wicked step-mother has a pale, sensitive child to persecute. *Are You Trying to Annoy Me?* tells the story of Jacqueline, a withdrawn thirteen-year-old, who is taken to Australia by her father and a step-mother whose sheer heartlessness would earn her a veritable storm of boos at the Boxing Day pantomime. Beaten, bullied and humiliated, Jacqueline does the expected thing and retreats into a little world of her own. Her chats with the kitchen door, or a deck chair, are as unnerveingly cute as the happy, well-adjusted friends whose liberal parents provide the obligatory domestic contrast. As if all this were not enough, the writing is often laden: "My step-mother has pots and pots of money, but this does not move me with a passionate love for her," or absurd: "Suddenly sharp tones and lips shooting themselves on top of Jacqueline" or painfully inept, as when Jacqueline imagines Christ on the cross: "He was delicately and superbly made. The veins were shining like electric light bulbs." The book is sketchy, but, at the same time, wasteful: life at a boarding school is conveyed by means of a long list of ill-connected activities—inadequate as description but superfluous from a narrative point of view, and the few hints of tension are instantly absorbed by the padding.

The New York of Pierre Bourgoise's novel is an overwrought amalgam of the most sensational aspects of American life, a huge rubbish-tip of steel, concrete and glass, seething with human rats. All the stock images are there: police brutality, race riots, callous commercialism, the omnipresence of advertising. Some of the episodes—the murder of President Kennedy, a Southern lynching, an echo of *Bonnie and Clyde*—are not even directly connected with New York, but M. Bourgoise wants to offer us a heightened vision of what that city is becoming.

Linking the episodes is a narrator-heroine, and each chapter deals with her adventures with a particular man. She is twice the victim of multiple rape, mutilates her fingers in self-disgust, gets gambled away at bingo and takes L.S.D. She witnesses, among other things, a women's mud-wrestling session, her ex-lover's death in the electric chair and a race riot. What emerges as the most vivid part of *New York Party* is, indeed, M. Bourgoise's representation of a nightmare world of frenetic sex, beside which his rather half-hearted attempt to introduce a more reflective note (of the "je ne sais même pas ce que je suis" order) seem trivial and unnecessary.

PIERRE BOURGOISE: *New York Party*. 187pp. Paris: Gallimard. 13fr.

There are many routes to drug addiction, and the one Zolt Fairbairns charts for her forlorn young hero is plausible enough. Marcus has no parents. He spends his holidays from a shoddy public school with a family whose ability to see the funny side of things gets him down. Before starting university, he travels abroad "to find himself", a task he devotes himself to with humourless energy. His friendship with a wise older woman disintegrates because he objects to her drunkenness. His time at university is spoiled by a longing to get into its literary world, which he finds is a sham when he does. He abandons university to become a writer and is given a room in a house full of artists whose kindness and productivity shame him into leaving. A bench in Waterloo station and some days on a building site follow, and his final decision to become an addict is cool and in order. All he has discovered about himself is that he likes looking forward to things but doesn't like things, and the junkie routine seems to offer a life of perpetual anticipation, with moments of fulfilment so brief that he'll have no chance to wonder whether they are worth it.

It is impossible not to be depressed by Marcus, by his conscientious explorations and his unimagination self-absorption. His determination to be a writer, though he is interested in neither life nor literature, is all too convincing. So is his sense of his own progress, marked as it is only by a tendency to feel embarrassed by what he was and knew a week before. It will be a sad day indeed for minor public schools when they fail to perform one of their chief functions: to protect the tender story which bends more than a little under the weight of studies

such as: "And the bitterness burnt through me like a drop of acid in a high-piled carpet." Despite some well-tried effects (Vladimir says "nothing" instead of nothing and spends much of his time in the nude; Griselda is scatterbrained and devoted), the principal pair remain faceless, while the supporting characters—an arrogant, parsimonious aunt, a foppish night-club comedian, a picturesque down-and-outs and a girl about town—fail to be anything like as endearing as intended.

WILLIAM DICK: *Naked Prodigal*. 280pp. Hutchinson. 35s.

Readers of *Naked Prodigal* would be well advised to ignore the foreword by the Rev. Edwin Robertson, who seems determined to undermine the book's chances. After telling us that "the author comes from a group in Melbourne society which very rarely puts pen to paper", he goes on to say that "this young man was not a born writer but he had something to say" and warns us that the book contains much which is "embarrassing and crude". He does, however, make concessions to the novel's authenticity; and so he should, for there is no doubt that William Dick is telling the truth about what it is like to live in the Melbourne slums, and the "crudity" is an essential part of the book's truthfulness. The narrative may be a little clumsy at times, mawkish even, but it is never embarrassing. The story is told by Kenny McCarthy, a "rocker" who lives with his family in the poor area of Goodway. Basically, the plot is a not terribly imaginative version of the boy-from-the-wrong-side-of-the-tracks-makes-good situation; but where Mr. Dick really scores is in the accounts of life in the slums and the effect it has on the McCarthy family. The despair, the anger, the sudden violence, all are forcefully displayed. Mr. Dick knows how to be subtle too; Kenny's almost pathetic pride at being promoted from labourer to salesman says as much about social inequality as all the fights put together.

MARTIN WADDELL: *Olley*. 184pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 10p.

Olley is one of those incorporeal and reluctant secret agents; but there is a difference: Martin WaddeLL plays the whole thing for laughs. No one's pretending that he is a character, should be taken seriously, and freed from the obligation to be funny. The achievements with the ease of a comedy writer. Even when he is less amused, Olley manages to keep his wit dry and his cool.

Used as a scapegoat by Grace, an alluring spy, he infiltrates the life of the New Day society, later the Jacobites who appear to be the wilting dupes of a drug-dealer. He is not what they seem, however, and before long the C.I.A., the M.I.2 are involved; and after which the thing is delightfully confused. By the end, Olley and the Jacobites Grace come out more or less as they are, though not before we have been treated to some skilful comedy.

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TAYEB SALIH: *Season of Migration to the North*. Translated by John Johnson-Davies. 180pp. 25s.

Tayeb Salih is an Arabic writer whose novel has some traditional metaphors, the extended metaphors, digressions, the rather formal, dotal style. The story is told by a young man who returns, to live on the banks of the Nile after having spent some time in Europe. He is a friend of Mustafa Sa'ed, a young newcomer to the village, who spends most of the novel in his friend's odd and desolate life, from his early days as a student of great promise and his subsequent sojourn in London, to his death.

Mustafa emerges as a problem of man's predicament, if not a person, a diffuse form, and this alone made seductive who, during his time in London, was responsible for a series of breakdowns. But Mustafa Sa'ed, a young man who seemed obsessed with the problem of man's predicament, if not a person, a diffuse form, and this alone made seductive who, during his time in London, was responsible for a series of breakdowns. But Mustafa Sa'ed, a young man who seemed obsessed with the problem of man's predicament, if not a person, a diffuse form, and this alone made seductive who, during his time in London, was responsible for a series of breakdowns.

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Heights, depths

COLIN WILSON: *Voyage To a Beginning*. 191pp. Cecil and Amelia Woolf. £2.25.

Twelve years ago Colin Wilson made an extraordinary impact on our public mind when he wrote *The Outsider*. As Mr. Wilson puts it, the aim of *The Outsider* was to show that a man who begins by feeling "out of place" in modern society is not a mystic or a saint. It is a subject that had been discussed over Europe for a long time. "Alienation" was the word used. Many thought that those victims who were best known in the world of literature and the arts might well be victims of alienation.

Wilson's book is a study of the lives of men who were best known in the world of literature and the arts might well be victims of alienation. Wilson's book is a study of the lives of men who were best known in the world of literature and the arts might well be victims of alienation. Wilson's book is a study of the lives of men who were best known in the world of literature and the arts might well be victims of alienation.

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him as a man, and if today there seem to be fewer men than books we may hope that somewhere, silently, thought and dedication are still at work. Mr. Wilson himself suggests time and time again an awareness of human values, which will be more perennial than his own books or even Horace's bronze. When he was very young, he says, "I became more clearly aware than ever before that I was faced with a choice—between meaninglessness and dedication." There is no time-serving here. Or again we find him reading: "He who seeks in contemplation to discover the inner will of the world", and observing:

Since this seemed so self-evident it was amazing that all our civilization should be built on the principle of hurry and non-stop physical activity. Plainly the ancient civilizations of the East were wiser than we since they held contemplation to be the highest form of activity. A similar tradition had always existed in Christianity, but I could find little enough evidence of it in our own century. But at least the poets had never deserted the great tradition. The poet was not, for me, the writer of verse and I was contemptuous of most of the poetry written since Eliot: he was the man who was determined to live more fully than others.

Elsewhere Mr. Wilson observes: "At thirty-five I am suddenly aware of the shortness of human life. . . . Time accelerates steadily." This is no uncommon experience, and perhaps Mr. Wilson has more brothers and sisters in his struggle for "mehr Licht" than he thinks. Also, there is a terrible lot to be known even to bring our fragmented experience into a minimum of perspective. But Shaw's aspiration for mere length of life may seem not quite in accord with Mr. Wilson's desire for depth of life. As regards this last point it is a pity that Mr. Wilson dismisses Freud, Jung and Adler as "a clumsy structure based upon experience of sub-normal human beings". They all help. They all confronted in themselves the problems of the human condition as Mr. Wilson does, or your reviewer does. Men reach different conclusions about it all: tragedy, comedy, mystery or revelation. Anyway, between the ascent and the descent, falls the Shadow.

RAYMOND FITZSIMONS: *Barnum in London*. 180pp. Geoffrey Bles. 35s.

The writer who, by judicious arrangement of the figures in his story and by careful attention to his character, composes a picture which extracts the maximum of effect from the materials at his disposal may justly be reckoned to have achieved success. Such successes are less common than might be supposed, so it is gratifying to be able to report that *Barnum in London* is a success of exactly this kind; it is hard to see how Mr. Fitzsimons's treatment of the story he has chosen to tell could have been bettered.

Phineas T. Barnum, the first of the main figures in his composition, was the archetypal American of the species described in Mrs. Frollope's *Domestic Manners of the Americans* and in Dickens's *Martin Chuzzlewit*; he was, that is to say, "smart" in the sense that it is very nearly the antonym of "honest". He began his career as showman by exhibiting an ancient negroess supposed to be 161 years old and the former nurse of George Washington, and after that he exploited a mermaid that consisted of the top half of a monkey and the bottom half of a fish, sewn together.

Neither negro nor mermaid were genuine, but they made him a lot of money, and the next curiosity that came his way was little Charlie Stratton, a midged twenty-five inches tall, perfectly formed and, though but four years of age, uncommonly vivacious and articulate. Barnum almost trebled his years to make him seem more remarkable, dressed him up in various guises, and made so great a success of him in the United States that he soon whisked him off to England where a high-society publicity campaign was launched with such vigour that before long General Tom Thumb (as he was now known) was invited to show his powers at court. The year was 1844; Queen Victoria, still a happy bride of only twenty-five, was enchanted by the new wonder which seemed to bring back the days when to have a dwarf at court was the approved thing. She is the second prominent figure in Mr. Fitzsimons's ingenious composition, for without her Barham and his prodigious success would not have been either so spectacular or so lucrative. *Punch*, of course, and the radical press, generally, applauded this enthusiasm and pointed out quite rightly that it was the hypocrisy which caused the multitude to rush to see the midged

reason, gratitude included, for he "made an honest woman of her". Then Nelson, on the crest of the wave after his victory over the French at the battle of the Nile, made her his own, and she became the mother of his dearly loved daughter, Horatia. These were Emma's three men, after her youthful excursions in London and at Up Park. She soon learnt the value, if not the price, of her beauty, and surely the men were proof enough of her quality.

It is a pity, though inevitable, that every life of Emma emphasizes the neglect she suffered during her last years; for this was entirely her own fault. Nelson left her not only a "legacy to his country" in that romantic way of his, but reasonably provided for. A woman contented on a more modest scale would have made out quite well. Not so Emma. She was too open-handed, and after the death of her mother, that capable woman known by all and sundry as Mrs. Cadogan (for no reason now clearly discoverable), there was no restraining hand to guide her.

Old Lord Bristol, peer and bishop, exclaimed in 1794: "God Almighty must have been in a glorious mood when he made you!" It was an apt comment, and Emma's continued attraction for artists and writers is fully understandable. Her story, fresh nothing in the telling in this fresh venture into portraiture, which is the result of careful research among original material of which there is plenty.

Cheers for the Regent

J. B. PRIESTLEY: *The Prince of Pleasure and his Regency, 1811-20*. 304pp. Heinemann. £4.

"Better not—like." Those three homely words of caution, which are well known to all living in the great Ridings of Yorkshire, may have entered the mind of Mr. Priestley as he contemplated his qualifications for laying before us a fresh picture of Regency England. We can only be thankful that he brushed the cautionary words to one side, and directed his gifted and generous mind to a famous chapter of English history. He shows in particular two qualities which may be emphasized: a deep and true sympathy for the unfortunate, and a certain tenderness for the speculator. Lovers of the arts and all who enjoy this book, with illustrations which are at once fascinating and beautiful—and their choice must redound to the credit of their selector—are sometimes in danger of forgetting the savagery of commercial competition and contempt for human beings on which the arts at that time rested. Lord Chesterfield always maintained—and who knew till the present day when Whitehall—through Arts Councils and similar

ing, which was one of the characteristics of the upper classes in Regency England, was not unbecoming in a man of fashion. But these fancies could only be indulged because Regency England was rich, or as D. H. Lawrence puts it "culture has its roots in the deep dung of cash".

Mr. Priestley rightly hammers this home and reminds us that the evenglacial distinction between the Good Poor and the Bad Poor—the former accepting their lot while the latter did not—explains why the well-to-do were able to keep the working-classes in their place and, without scruple, embellish their homes with those examples of Regency taste which we cherish today. (There are plenty of autobiographical asides by the author, and we are amused to learn that his great-great-grandparents quickly gave way to the temptation to join the Bad Poor.)

There is much in the book which is unexpected, and this has the consequence of making its readers think. It points out that the English estate which has always underlain the influence and importance of writers, that is probably correct, at any rate till the present day when Whitehall—through Arts Councils and similar

who had so diverted Royalty. All this, however, had not the least effect: the zeal of the gaping crowds was unabated; Beattie-mania is no new phenomenon in Britain.

So far the story in its slightly sour way is comic, in the classic picaresque vein: there is the rascally showman, the unwonderful wonder, the glibble mob. But now the composition suddenly assumes a darker tone, as out of the shadows steps the form of Benjamin Robert Haydon, the one-time friend and idol of Keats and Wordsworth, and a painter who, whatever may now be thought of his work, was always a man to take himself and his art with the highest seriousness. Poor Haydon was sixty and, because some twenty-six years earlier he had achieved a success by exhibiting his "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem" at the Egyptian Hall in Piccadilly, he was now visited with the fatal idea of staging another exhibition of his pictures—his rejected designs for the new Houses of Parliament—in the same building. In the room next to that in which he held his show, Tom Thumb, on his second English sojourn, was also on view. Haydon's diary-entries tell the rest:

April 13. Receipts £1. 3. 6. They rush by thousands to see Tom Thumb. They push, they fight, they scream, they faint, they cry help and murder! and oh! and ah! They see my bills, my boards . . . and don't read them. Their eyes are open, but their sense is shut. It is an insanity, a rabies, a madness, a furor, a dream. I would not have believed it of the English people. April 21. Tom Thumb had £2,000 people last week: B. R. Haydon 1333.

It was too much. The distracted painter, owing money all round, humiliated beyond bearing by the triumph of the freak, won out early one morning and bought an inadequate pistol. He failed to kill himself with it, so he gashed open his throat with a razor.

Thus perished one of the protagonists in the drama. The others, however, continued to flourish. Tom Thumb grew a bit, so Barnum petted him and took up Jenny Lind, though, characteristically, less because of her glorious police than because of her reputation for goodness. Tom Thumb, in retirement, married another midged and led a gay life, smoking expensive cigars, owning a yacht, and breeding race-horses. When he died, at the age of forty-five, he had attained a stature of forty inches. As for Queen Victoria—well, it is all in the history books, and she (prompted by *Punch*) did at least see that Mrs. Haydon got a pension of £50 per annum from the Civil List.

By public demand

RAYMOND FITZSIMONS: *Barnum in London*. 180pp. Geoffrey Bles. 35s.

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The Gaelic water of life

ALFRED BARNARD. *The Whisky Distillers of the United Kingdom*. 457pp. Newton Abbott: David and Charles. £6.6s.

DAVID DAICHES. *Scotch Whisky: Its Past and Present*. 168pp. André Deutsch. £3.

The republication of Alfred Barnard's magnificent one is tempted to say, sacred work is more than welcome. For the numerous admirers (not all of them Gaelic) of the Gaelic "water of life", the mere names of the great distilleries and the great whiskies is a most potent soup of nostalgia. If one may so mix literary metaphors, mere words like "talker" are magic. The names of the seven great Glenlivet distilleries have been described, improving on Rossetti, as "Seven sweet symphonies." And there is much economic and social history hidden in the story of the conquest of the Saxon market by whisky.

By the time this reverential pilgrimage by a mere Englishman was made in 1887, the barbarous contempt of the Southrons for what makes a Scotchman happy was over. There is, in Dr. Johnson's famous remark, something of the condescension of an English tourist in the Magdalen, eating sheep's eyes to show sympathy and toleration for the natives. If the English drank whisky at all, it was Irish whisky. (Readers may be referred to *The Diary of a Nobody* for this, now surprising truth.) But, as the learned editor asserts, phylloxera helped by making good brandy scarce and dear, and perhaps the Good Queen's fondness for the drink that made John Brown happy, if it shocked Mr. Gladstone, gave "tune" to what had been a proletarian drink, inferior, even at a low level, to gin and rum.

The decline of Irish whiskey is rather surprising, for one of the great technical innovations was the invention of the ingenious Mr. Coffey of Dublin, and most of the Irish distilleries mentioned here are out of business today. True John Jameson flourishes and is immortalized by a mention in "Father O'Flynn", and we are glad to learn that the voluminous Ulsterman who produced Old Bushmills started as illicit distillers, but there is no doubt that in spite of Swift's patriotic plea for Scotch Major, it was Scotch Minor that in this, as in other ways, carried off the boom, or drank. Innovators like Coffey, and the need for cheap,

quickly produced booze, led to the dangers of blending and to the production of whiskies that were better but not much better than the worst potent and possibly at the level of modern pub Beaujolais or the products of "les côtes du Berkshire".

Barnard was interested, indeed fascinated, by the technical processes of distillation. He knew the importance of water (not its colour but its purity) and of good peat for drying good barley. But he was too tactful to do more than hint that not all distilleries, even traditional distilleries, produced really good whiskies. There is no discussion of the spreading of the power—or tentacles—of the Distillers' Company and no prophetic vision of the great whisky plants of Glasgow. But we are given plenty of information: figures of production; the normal destination of the product; transport problems.

There are hints of other problems. As Miss I. A. Glen's admirably judicious and learned introduction makes clear, many famous distilling families started as what Americans call "moonshiners". Sensible changes in the revenue laws made legal whisky economic to manufacture, sell and drink. One still finds romantic stories of the wonderful whiskies made by such romantic figures as the Orkney illicit distiller who was formerly a zealous U.P. elder. If there are readers who don't know that U.P. means United Presbyterian, they don't deserve to drink good whisky. That will not prevent their drinking whisky. There is Japanese whisky (bad); there is Australian whisky (worse); there is German whisky (a descendant of Hamburg trade gin with a tartan label). There are also the fancy brands made for Americans, the kind of Americans who import Loch Lomond water to mix with the ice in their sophisticated Scotch. (There are readers who think that the advertisements for Scotch and Bourbon are the best fiction *The New Yorker* publishes.) One is glad to note here some of the respectable and not overpriced whiskies which Scots drink at home and which are now beginning to win favour with people who don't want excessively ornate prose and preposterous art, but a reliable whisky.

Apart from being a most valuable document for social history, sociology, daydreaming, a preparation for the terrible American weekend, Barnard produced a book of great charm. Even the illustrations have charm, though the drawings of distilleries have a certain grim Presby-

terian monotony even when the distillers belonged to great Catholic families like the Macdonalds (of Fort William), the Peter Dawsons, and the Calders. Barnard toured more than mere distilleries. He was fond of verbal landscape painting and some passages recall the corresponding efforts in the novels of William Black. He gives due tribute to the great steamers Iona, Columbia, the Hebridean—part of the childhood memories of so many Scottish children still alive who learnt why their father had gone down to "see the engines". There is an account of the Good Queen at Balmoral worthy of McGonagall. There are fond memories of the past that sadden the people who can remember the great days of Campbelltown, when the most beautiful waters (barely rivalled by the Bay of San Francisco) were covered with ships from dovec, Highland towns (each with at least one distillery) on their way "to Glasgow of the Steeples". The compliments paid to Edinburgh are more conventional, but justice is done to Aberdeen and injustice is done to Perth in its pre-Dewar days.

There is a great deal of very bad verse in Barnard, far inferior to that poetic equivalent of the Dumasian Rousseau, the great bard of Dundee. There is a good deal of middling verse by Burns. But Robin struck the right note.

Freedom and whisky gang together like all ye'er dram.

Poor Burns! The infernal powers that avenged Scotch humberg in him deserved and deserve to be immured forever in the great bleak goal at Peterhead (which Barnard tactfully does not mention in his account of that interesting town). What a fate! Worse than Dante could have invented for his worse Florentine foes, to make the great poet of whisky die an Exileman.

When we turn from the late Victorian prose of Barnard to the more stripped and scientific prose of Professor Daiches, we are in a new world. It is not that Professor Daiches is not a worthy laudator *temporis auri*. He knows that the blessings of the popular blends, created for the English and American markets, are very mixed. He knows a great deal more about the chemical and bacteriological problems of the manufacture of whisky than did Alfred Barnard, who had never heard of an enzyme. The triumphs of the Distillers' Company do not evoke unqualified rejoicing, and

years of semi-deprivation in the United States have made him sceptical of American taste and American advertising prose (the disquisition on the ambiguity of the adjective "light" in America is a masterpiece of polite debunking). There is near tragedy in the story of how, having praised a real whisky on the air, he found he could no longer buy it for himself, since Mac's had been sold out.

There are stories of the ups and downs of the booming trade. The fall of the House of Patison, it not as great a disaster as the collapse of the Darien scheme, nearly rivalled the failure of the (Glasgow) City Bank. We learn of the rise of the soda siphon and its failure to conquer the United States. We have the magnificently bad picture by Sir David Wilkie of whisky being presented in Edinburgh to a stenderized George IV. (The photographs by Professor Daiches's son, Alan, are magnificent.)

There are one or two signs of the

Edinburgh origins of Daiches's book. There is about the curious and edifying history of the Glasgow dockers to the British export trade. Our problem behind the story of *Whisky Galore* is, however, it was no imitator. Friskay is a Catholic legend indifferent to the rigorous bytarian Sabbath. Professor repeats the nineteenth-century vulgar superstition that "a vulgar adjective for whisky". It was good that Walter, and if Professor is a little older, he would have proof of his lines to the Town's College from the Education Department. As Stein is neither Dadaist nor a good norbore name, borne by disingenuous of the distilling industry, famous bearer at the moment of (Glasgow) half club.

Claret country

EDMUND PENNING-ROWSELL. *The Wines of Bordeaux*. 320pp. Michael Joseph for the International Wine and Food Society. £2 15s.

In a charming aside from a learned chapter, Edmund Penning-Rowsell recalls that the chateau-bottled 1924 Grand-Puy-Lacoste, a "modest consignment" of which he bought in 1939, "was probably the first fine mature claret that I had ever consciously drunk". Its "nose", then, reminded him of blackcurrants; "but nowadays it is blackcurrants that remind me of claret". Thus, fragrance evokes the delights of a thirty-year-old love affair, still passionately alive.

Readers of the *Financial Times* and of *Country Life*, and members of the International Exhibition Co-operative Wine Society (of which he is the present chairman) have reason to know that Mr. Penning-Rowsell is a good judge of pretty well every kind of wine, but it is clear that his heart is in the Bordeaux, and this long, detailed, factual account of the vines, vineyards and vignerons of the region is a labour of love as well as of scholarship.

It is sad that it is only in this generation as, for the first time, the finest Bordeaux wines have come to be priced out of the reach of the English amateur, that also for the first time we should be granted the personal assessment by a most perceptive English writer of many of the finest of all "back as far as the 1858

and the 1864 Laite, the 1868 Grand-Puy-Lacoste, the 1869 Grand-Puy-Lacoste, the 1870 Grand-Puy-Lacoste, the 1871 Grand-Puy-Lacoste, the 1872 Grand-Puy-Lacoste, the 1873 Grand-Puy-Lacoste, the 1874 Grand-Puy-Lacoste, the 1875 Grand-Puy-Lacoste, the 1876 Grand-Puy-Lacoste, the 1877 Grand-Puy-Lacoste, the 1878 Grand-Puy-Lacoste, the 1879 Grand-Puy-Lacoste, the 1880 Grand-Puy-Lacoste, the 1881 Grand-Puy-Lacoste, the 1882 Grand-Puy-Lacoste, the 1883 Grand-Puy-Lacoste, the 1884 Grand-Puy-Lacoste, the 1885 Grand-Puy-Lacoste, the 1886 Grand-Puy-Lacoste, the 1887 Grand-Puy-Lacoste, the 1888 Grand-Puy-Lacoste, the 1889 Grand-Puy-Lacoste, the 1890 Grand-Puy-Lacoste, the 1891 Grand-Puy-Lacoste, the 1892 Grand-Puy-Lacoste, the 1893 Grand-Puy-Lacoste, the 1894 Grand-Puy-Lacoste, the 1895 Grand-Puy-Lacoste, the 1896 Grand-Puy-Lacoste, the 1897 Grand-Puy-Lacoste, the 1898 Grand-Puy-Lacoste, the 1899 Grand-Puy-Lacoste, the 1900 Grand-Puy-Lacoste, the 1901 Grand-Puy-Lacoste, the 1902 Grand-Puy-Lacoste, 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Catullus for the middle-classes

The Poems of Catullus. Translated by James Michie. Introduction and notes by Robert Rowland. 239pp. Rupert Hart-Davis. £2.25.

Catullus: *Gai Valerius Catullus Venenensis Liber*. Translated by Celia and Louis Zukofsky. Unnumbered pages. Cape. £3.35. (Paperback, 38s.)

The fundamental disparity between Catullus and his modern interpreters was stated for all time by Yeats in a famous, much-misunderstood poem. The contrast between shuffling scholars "old heads, forgetful of their sins" and the love-toned poet they are analysing is not solely that between age and youth, or (as one might say) the active and the contemplative life. What we have here is the fundamental, unbridgeable gap between respectable middle-class values and a purely aristocratic approach to life. Our modern free-wheeling liberalism, especially in sexual matters, has not abolished this gap; it has merely disguised it. Printing four-letter words nowadays is no guarantee of unprudishness; indeed, the opposite more often seems to be the case. Certainly the present translators have to use Catullus's own commonplace imagery (swallow, to swallow whole). The cynic who reads, on James Michie's dust-jacket, the words "we have won the licence to match Catullus word for word in print", will find, as he expected, that the licence has been somewhat gingerly exercised.

This is not to be wondered at, though the underlying reason carries social implications which cannot be analysed in a brief review. What possible point of contact is there between a middle-class culture reposing on insular social security and this cool, disdainful, upper-crust maverick, whose insults, endorsements and obscenities come crackling out in staccato bursts of spare,

hard, lethal Latin, to whom our jargon-ridden cliché, and overblown academic euphemisms would be risible anathema? The only two modern writers who come remotely near catching his tone (and even then hardly share his attitudes) are George Orwell and Roy Campbell: the only modern translator who seems to have grasped what he was about—up to a point—is Peter Whigham. Mr. Michie is so respectable it makes one wince. At times his four-letter words come out bravely enough; but when faced with the blunt geometry of the more recherché perversions he tends to lose his nerve, and substitute something not quite so exotic, or else slip in some non-Catullan symbolic whimsy (where, for instance, is his "big asparagus" in LXXXV? Those who want the true whip-lash of Catullus's invective will not find it here).

Nor do Mr. Michie's tired prosodic habits do anything to mend matters. With Catullus more than with most poets the medium is the message. Writing in a language that offered a too-solemn preponderance of long syllables, he ingeniously applied Greek metres (seazons, galliamies, above all hendecasyllables) which were both highly striking in themselves, and enabled him to compose Latin poems of an unprecedented lightness and delicacy: IV is the classic example. Mr. Michie throws all this brilliant metrical experimentation overboard in favour of pudding-dull rhyming laments, which either read like *Hudibras* rewritten by a moderately foul-mouthed Alfred Austin, or else creak along in the manner of *Signet of the Volung*. In XLII we have the *reductio ad absurdum* of this process. "Hendecasyllables, help! Come to my call," we read; but what in fact show up are clumping pantomime couplets. The only poem where Mr.

Michie seems completely at home is LXIV, the "Wedding of Peleus and Thetis", in which his blank verse contrives to be even duller than Catullus's own non-embellished hexameters—a remarkable feat, which almost puts him in the Southey class. If Mr. Michie's Catullus is a flat-footed middle-class rebel with a sexual hang-up, in the hands of Louis and Celia Zukofsky he becomes a Joycean verbal grotesque. Just how, only an example can adequately demonstrate. The first two lines of XXV read, in Latin:

Cineade Thalys, mollior cuniculi vel anseris medullula vel imula oricilla...

and this becomes:

Conniving Thalys, muelly, you, cony cully, cop below— well, anserous medulla, well innulated cunicula...

The translators note, briefly, that their version "follows the sound, rhythm and syntax of [Catullus's]

Latin, tries, as is said, to breathe the "literal" meaning with him". But surely anyone who gets that close to Catullus can read his Latin away, without having it reshaped as paranoiasic English doggerel? Two of the poems, in translation, are dedicated respectively to Basil Bunting and Ezra Pound. A more suitable beneficiary, one feels, might have been the author of *Mors d'Henri, Gousses, Romey*, who plays much the same game, but with only an example can adequately demonstrate. The first two lines of XXV read, in Latin:

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The phenomenon of Hugo

JEAN GAUDON: *Le Temps de la contemplation*. 624pp. Paris: Flammarion. 48fr.

Victor Hugo is a phenomenon and like most phenomena, a problem. This immense poet, whom Swinburne compared to Michelangelo and Baudelaire to Shakespeare and Goethe, whom poets as diverse as Rimbaud and Mallarmé, Apollinaire and Hofmannsthal, Péguy and Aragon have admired and plundered is nevertheless not widely read today. In 1945 François Mauriac said: "Aucun écrivain en France n'est plus inconnu que Victor Hugo". In 1960, despite a declared resurgence in Hugo studies, Henri Guillemain was still asking: "Mais lit-on Victor Hugo?" And how many people today would readily admit that either *Les Contemplations* or *Les Châtiments* were their favourite bedside book?

"L'homme, l'immense sont le domaine naturel de Victor Hugo", Baudelaire wrote in admiration. Can it be just a question of size? Does modern taste recoil from gigantism? Yet Balzac is still read, Wagner listened to, Picasso looked at. More probably it is that within the vastness of his work, the modern mind not having enough ready-made pigeon-holes for so many and such brilliant facets, Hugo was abreast only one culture, but within that he attempted most aspects and succeeded in many. His public life may have had its prolonged troughs but it ended in a sort of apotheosis. Romanticism would not have been the same in France without him. Nothing could be more tenuous and exquisite than some of his lyric poetry, more mysterious and awe-inspiring than *Les Contemplations*, more sumptuous and dramatic than *La Légende des siècles*, more sonorously mordant than *Les Châtiments*, more Jarry-like in fantasy than the *Théâtre en liberté*, more socially committed and compassionate than *Les Misérables* and *Le Dernier jour d'un condamné*. He was a good storyteller; he painted pictures that reveal a vision as bizarre and original as Odion Redon's; he aspired to be a prophet. It could be said that it is this very protean quality which, because it escapes one's grasp, therefore irritates—the different facets being often mutually exclusive. If he had exploited only one vein he would have had a chapel of militant admirers.

There would undoubtedly, too, be voices raised to protest along with Rimbaud that his décor is too much of the nineteenth century, and in particular of those years of thinking which meet little sympathy today. "Trop de Belmont, et de Lamerlain, de Jéhovah et de écoties, vieilles écoties créées." And then there is the face of poetry

itself. "Lit-on la poésie?" might well be the answer to M. Guillemain. If one does it is more likely to be Baudelaire, Rimbaud, Apollinaire, Eluard, the poets who encompass moments of awareness in a private experience, rather than Hugo, Whitman, Claudel, Saint-John Perse, the spectrum-spanners.

There are signs, however, that poetry is being led out once again into the agora. In the meantime, while Professor Gaudon's critical study is a welcome and refreshing reminder that, problem or no, the phenomenon Victor Hugo is always with us. As a critic, Professor Gaudon reflects two trends: the first that renaissance of Hugo studies which was announced by Professor Barrère's monumental *La Fantaisie de Victor Hugo* in 1949, and has continued with works from such distinguished scholars as Cailhier, Guyard, Guimard and Albouy; the second that renaissance of problems and methods which has injected a new vitality into criticism.

Himself one of the scholars who has already taken part in bringing Victor Hugo out of his purgatory, Professor Gaudon declares in his preface that he does not know whether this study which was initially inspired by a life-long love for the poet belongs to the new or the old criticism, and he in fact manages to steer a sensible middle course. What he claims to explore is the "univers poétique" of Hugo, that particular mood in which the poet's perception of experience is cast and which imposes its unique form on everything that he writes.

In this labyrinthine task, Professor Gaudon's choice of theme acts effectively as the thread of Ariadne, for "contemplation" includes, in its first stages that acute sensual awareness of the world which informs so much of Hugo's poetry—his sheer infectious delight in *choses vues*, in the natural scene, the works of man, a pretty girl—as well as leading on to that more intense kind of vision which tries to penetrate through the world of appearances to the ideal world behind them.

The first two parts of the book trace the deployment of these two obsessive themes, until the kind of contemplation which had first manifested itself in *La Pente de la réverie* seems to take over completely during the years of exile when Hugo really believed that he could tear the veil from Isis and know the unknown. As Professor Gaudon points out, if you contemplate too long and too hard you eventually can see nothing. Retreating through the looking-glass of the visible world into the phantom world of his own imagination and of the spiritualist seance, Hugo came face to face with the gulf, the void, with silence, immobility and death. For such a robust mind, the escape from death, from midnights, had to be

Design a magnificent Cyprian... your domain... all of those, all those who... But more often what we get is a litter of disjunctive half-... assumptions; and the... technique would work... muffled worse than any... initial barrage of... "Pedicabo ego vos et immanis... one turns to the Zukofsky... high hopes, only to read... "I'll go whoosh and then... at which point one... begins to feel that Mr. Zukofsky... Service patter ("I'll have you... short and curly hairs", though... ally inaccurate, is perhaps... ferable. *Desmus inepie*, C... once told himself, he might... have reserved the admo... his translators

back into an awareness of the... even if life was first personal... crawling of worms in the comp... The third and most interesting... part of the book, analyses the... which the obsession with contem... to life in 1918 differed pro... words and images and rhythm... from that whose existence... expressed in 1795. For one... man's view of the universe... work of art its microcosm. Pre... turned into modern nationalism... Gaudon has many cogent and... ceptive remarks to make about... he calls the lines of force... 1918, but it is equally clear from... underpin Hugo's vision. He... mini axis as a tendency to... a awareness of depth... and below leading to... particular sense of the "g... the onslaught of its German... and the "abime" in nature... which which engenders the... teristic Hugolian atmosphere... vertigo.

In his last chapter, "Ta... pour mimer le réel", he... glance at Hugo's actual m... creation and shows that his d... described as its most hollowed... and incessantly unrolling... life created a kind of "po... to use Eluard's... of experience and its accepta... the constant dialectic betwe... posties, makes nonsense of... clichés about Hugo's man... taste for antithesis. It is the... quidity of Hugo's poetry, the... the continual movement of... straitjackets of form, which... were not satisfied, and after... the German authorities adopte... programme of forced assimila... without considering the conse... father of action painting, ab... music, concrete poetry and the... *vein romain* is a tempting o... one could only wish that here... other challenging moments. P... sor Gaudon might depart from... chosen middle course and... even more aggressively into... problem of Victor Hugo.

It might seem surprising to... small criticism which applies the... work of this length: The im... of footnotes is a major p... in the composition of any... combining scrupulous ac... with an independent critical... point. Ideally, one would... other people's opinions: one... assimilated into the text if they... worth quoting and the referen... down to a minimum, but schol... demands that integrity be... shed, evidently showing no... susceptibilities. Of other... assumed. There is a tribu... don. It is a tribu... Gaudon's readability and... general readability and... reasserting the disappoin... such that one is left with... often, exposing the... For such a robust mind, the escape... from death, from midnights, had to be

Poland's rough road to independence

THE COURT of Mieszk I... Christianity. Professor... Rhode's *Geschichte Polens* in... commemorates the thou... anniversary of that event: *History of Poland*, written by... for the benefit of the English... world, looks towards a... aim of the five authors is... analyze the salient features of... historical development both in... decline of the Commonwealth... the national revival after t... of independence"; the key in... this programme is performed... the existence of a continu... historical process leading up hill... from the dawn of the Polish... the People's Republic. The... ascent of the *Corona Regni*... towards the end of the... Age is followed by a "Gol... to be eclipsed after a cen... by a troubled period of... conflict concurrent with the... Reformation. There follows... a succession of political... economic crises culminating in a... of sovereignty in the middle of... century. In the later... century reform is achieved... independence lost, to be re... only in 1918 when, to adapt... phrase, the nation was... in the State and Poland's... out at last reentered the

the organism that was brought... to life in 1918 differed pro... words and images and rhythm... from that whose existence... expressed in 1795. For one... man's view of the universe... work of art its microcosm. Pre... turned into modern nationalism... Gaudon has many cogent and... ceptive remarks to make about... he calls the lines of force... 1918, but it is equally clear from... underpin Hugo's vision. He... mini axis as a tendency to... a awareness of depth... and below leading to... particular sense of the "g... the onslaught of its German... and the "abime" in nature... which which engenders the... teristic Hugolian atmosphere... vertigo.

Bismarck, as Professor Rhode... points out, was mistaken in his belief... that Polish national consciousness... was confined to the gentry (*szlachta*)... and the clergy, and that the rest... of the population could easily be assimilated... with the help of the Prussian... elementary schoolmaster and the... drill-sergeant. Even if that had been... the position at some point in the... first half of the nineteenth century... economic and constitutional conditions... obtaining in Prussia after 1848... favoured the development of a Polish... professional class and bourgeoisie, to... be described shortly before 1914 as... "a powerful economic force". A... large section of the peasantry, too, was... prosperous and now in Silesia... and Pomerania, not only in the... former Grand Duchy of Poznan, but... fully conscious of being Polish, as... well as Roman Catholic.

It would be equally erroneous to... believe that in Russian Poland among... the masses, urban or rural, national... feeling was born entirely of a sponta... neous reaction to the authorities'... policy of Russification. It was a... piece of perverse Slavophilism on the... part of an early nationalist to assert... that "without tradition and even... without culture the Polish people had... preserved their nationality more... fully and more strongly than the... educated classes". In point of fact... of that spirit was kindled by the... *szlachta* or the urbanized descen... dants of its patriotic leaders who in... an earlier period had deliberately or... instinctively followed the precepts... that Rousseau gave the Poles in 1772:

Si vous faites en sorte qu'un Polonois ne... puisse jamais devenir un Russe, je vous... réponds que la Russie ne subjugera pas la... Pologne... C'est l'éducation qui doit... donner aux ames la force nationale et... diriger tellement leurs opinions et leurs... goûts, qu'elles soient pures par inclination, par passion, par nécessité.

What England was on the high seas, Poland, they believed, could become on the continent of Europe; what India was to England, Lithuania and the Ukraine could become to Poland. Even after 1863 attempts were made to revive the "Jagellonian" conception of the Polish state: a federation, founded on a revolutionary socialist ideology, of Poles, "Lithuanians" and Ukrainians imbued with the spirit of equality and fraternity. Here at any rate was a hint of some kind, something that Pilsudski's federal schemes of 1919, however high-minded, were signally lacking. For all their acuity and insight, neither Pilsudski, who died in 1935, nor Dmowski, who died four years later, could at any time have had an inkling of the territorial shape that their country would assume at the close of the Second World War.

After the end of the First World War, Poland's frontiers, in their final outline, owed as much to the circumstances that led to the collapse of each one of the partitioning powers as to the exertions of the Poles themselves during the war and after, when the country's borders had to be contested by force of arms with the Germans, the Ukrainians and the Russians.

The frontiers of the Polish People's Republic that have turned the former redoubt of the West into a bastion of the East are due to fundamental changes in the world balance of power. These made it possible for Poland to assume her new western territories, by way of compensation for losses in the East, of redress for wrongs suffered at the hands of the Nazis, and as a safeguard against renewed German aggression. It is consequently hard to accept Professor Kieniewicz's view that soon after 1863 forces "the national feeling of the masses in Central and Eastern Europe"—were already at work in Poland's eastern borderlands that eventually "shifted the Polish political border from the areas between the Dnieper and the Bug to the area between the Vistula and the Odra". Deliberately or accidentally, but at any rate correctly, the second part of this statement implies that Poland lacks a political frontier in the East; for the rest to try to justify the present shape of Poland's western frontier on historical rather than on moral or legal grounds seems a misplaced effort. As to territory, ethnic composition, political institutions, social and economic structure, the Poland of the present day bears little resemblance to that of the inter-war years and hardly any to the Poland of the era of the partitions of which it is only a collateral descendant in substance though in some ways a direct one in spirit.

Acton would probably have found a certain poetic justice in the Polish State's having finally become coextensive with the Polish Nation since, according to his own argument advanced in 1862, it was the disappearance of Poland from the map of Europe upon the third and last partition in 1795 "that awakened the theory of nationality in Europe, converting a dormant right into an aspiration and a sentiment into political action". At the same time Acton might well have deplored such

GOTTHOLD RHODE: *Geschichte Polens*. 543pp. Darmstadt: Wissenschaftliche Buchgesellschaft. DM 25.40.

ALEKSANDER GIEYSZTOR, STEFAN KIENIEWICZ, EMANUEL ROST-WOROWSKI, JANUSZ TAZBIR and HENRYK WERESZYCKI: *History of Poland*. 783pp. Warsaw: Polish Scientific Publishers. London: Swiderski. £10.15s.

PERCY ERNST SCHRAMM: *Polen in der Geschichte Europas*. 21pp. Bonn: Bundeszentrale für Heimatdienst.

that Germany was his people's most dangerous enemy, looked forward to a Russian victory. In 1908 he had expressed the view that union with the new constitutional Russia was the most desirable solution of the Polish question. At the other extreme the Social Democratic Party of the Kingdom of Poland and of Lithuania from its inception adopted a negative attitude towards the cause of national independence as being injurious to the solidarity of the working classes of Poland and Russia in their common struggle against the Tsarist régime. According to Rosa Luxemburg, to sever the economic ties that had grown up between Poland and Russia since the middle of the century would be an anachronistic step; the oppressed nationalities of the Empire, the Poles included, would find freedom through social revolution. Seen against this background the ideology of the present leaders of the Polish United Workers' Party, satisfied with Russian tutelage, committed to economic integration with the Soviet bloc, suspicious of and hostile to Poland, anti-semitic (Dmowski had proclaimed an economic and cultural boycott of the Jews in 1912), seems to be descended from an intellectual *maladine* between Dmowski and Rosa Luxemburg rather than from the Polish Socialist Party which from its foundation in 1892 put the Socialist cart securely behind the patriotic horse.

Between the 1840s and the 1870s the entire European Left firmly believed that Poland would only be able to gain her independence by going through the purgatory of an agrarian revolution. Although in 1846 the peasants of Galicia showed themselves more inclined to shed the blood of their Polish landlords for the instigation of Austrian bureaucrats than to turn on the foreigner under the leadership of their democratic compatriots, in 1848 the peasants of the Grand Duchy of Poznan did take part in fighting against the Germans under Mieroslawski. The conduct of these "sejny-bearers" seemed to some extent to justify the expectation of a patriotic *jaegerie* to be followed by the establishment of an agrarian democracy within the original boundaries of the partitioned Republic. Thus Marx and Engels at intervals envisaged the solution of the Polish question as the revival of a multi-national state rather than as the liberation of a captive tribe within its ethnological limits. Eventually Pilsudski came to favour the former alternative, Dmowski the latter. At the time of the unsuccessful uprising of 1863, even some of the "Reds" were unwilling to go further than grant the inhabitants of the former Grand Duchy of Lithuania and of the Ukraine the theoretical right to decide their own political future, whereas the "Whites" wished the reforms that they were demanding from the Tsar for the former King-

dom of Poland to extend eastwards to the whole portion of the erstwhile Republic held by Russia. Indeed, the Whites were preparing to rule over Lithuania and the Ukraine with the aid of intelligence, education and trade.

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an outcome believing, as he did, the combination of different nations in one state to be a necessary condition of civilized life. Already at the time of the first partition Rousseau's ideas on nationality, which he too expressed in connexion with Poland, were about to triumph. Acton himself, ninety years later, noticed that for the Polish exiles all political rights were absorbed in the idea of independence. The politically active Poles of the nineteenth century or even Rousseau's most cosmopolitan contemporaries were never mere Europeans, and his advice to Wielhorski:

Donnez une autre pente aux passions des Polonois, vous donnerez à leurs ames une physionomie nationale qui les distinguera des autres peuples, qui les empêchera de se fondre, de se perdre, de s'aliéner avec eux...

was not difficult to follow. To some extent it had already been anticipated by the Confederacy of Bar— "cette grande époque" whose leaders had sent Wielhorski to Paris as their emissary. The author of the relevant section in the *History of Poland* subscribes to this opinion when he says that the Confederacy was an important experience in the life of the last generation of independent Poland and that in spite of the leading part played by the factions of the magnates it contributed to the growth of the gentry's political independence by making them sensitive to the issue of national freedom. Soon afterwards "the traditional Polish freedom of the gentry was translated into the language of the European Enlightenment without breaking through the parliamentary and republican heritage". According to Professor Rostworowski, a characteristic feature of the Polish version of the Enlightenment was the alliance of politics with education under the Educational Commission established in 1773. Its methods might have struck Rousseau as old-fashioned, but he would have applauded its achievements in so far as it functioned on the principle that "à vingt ans un Polonois ne doit pas être un autre homme; il doit être un Polonois".

Professor Rostworowski discards the time-honoured view that Poland was destroyed by the old system of anarchical oligarchy and observes that "at the time when the Polish State was struggling to maintain its existence against the old order of Europe, Polish society was in fact demonstrating its fundamental vitality". The difficulty lay in moving from weakness to strength at a pace that might have averted disaster. At the same time Professor Rostworowski tends to underestimate, especially in relation to the first partition, the predatoriness of Poland's expansionist, autocratic and bureaucratic neighbours whom he does not consider—save Prussia—to have been "natural" partitioners. It was no accident, he points out, that the partitions, especially the second and the third, took place not at the moment of Poland's greatest weakness, but when she began to grow stronger. Indeed it was another case of a bad government incapable of surviving the critical moment of attempted reform with the essential difference that, in contrast to the Ancien Régime, it was swept away by an alliance between foreign absolutism and native conservatism. Thus it came about that the revival of the nation coincided with the downfall of the state. Men like Stanislas Augustus Poniatowski, the reformist leaders of the Four Years' Diet, or Kosciuszko lacked neither the will nor the ability to save their country but could not in

Golden Age, part two

ARTHUR TERRY (Editor): *An Anthology of Spanish Poetry, 1500-1700*. Part II (1580-1700). 256pp. Pergamon Press. £2 (Paperback, 21s.)

Users of part one of Professor Terry's *Anthology of Spanish Poetry* will have welcomed the appearance of this second part, which maintains the high standard of selection, editing, annotation and production set by the earlier volume. It aims, like its predecessor, at the university student and the sixth-former, although it must be admitted that the degree of learning and sophistication implied by the introductory material may leave the schoolboy somewhat out of his depth; and those who study it as a prescribed text will be no doubt tempted to reproduce a good deal of undigested material. Social and cultural conditions and patterns of thought and expression, with careful documentation, are added to account for the ways in

which poetry developed in the second part of the Golden Age. Professor Terry provides a formidable array of cultural tools, with which the reader can tackle this varied and rather difficult poetry, and readers will find particularly useful the summary of critical assumptions underlying composition at this period. In his selection of poetry Professor Terry has been fairly orthodox where the major poets are concerned; and has included a large number of poems by lesser-known authors. About this latter element of the anthology one has somewhat mixed feelings; on the one hand it is good to make the acquaintance of a number of new authors; but on the other the sample is so small that it is difficult to judge whether the neglect from which they have suffered is justified or not. The useful introductory notes on authors and the bibliographical details provided will ensure that the curious reader is not long left unsatisfied.

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To the Editor

'The Poetry of France'

Sir, On return to this country three days ago my publisher confronted me with the review (September 25) which you have devoted to the latest volume of *The Poetry of France*. The personal hostility shown in the whole tenor and in particular the offensive wording ("Lafit flat on his face" . . . "continues unabashed" . . . "tellers to a close" . . . &c.) oblige me to ask for the privilege of dealing with a few of the less trivial charges made in this gossamerous distributive: since as regards some of the misprints gleefully seized upon, I have to confess that months in the antipodes have not made proof-reading easy.

It is apparently "repensable" to have represented Alfred Jarry (born 1873) and left out Saint-Pol Roux (born 1861) perhaps because the Penguin anthology of 1959 leaves out the former and puts in the latter! Well, most people I know would plump for Jarry here and not in the nineteenth century — in spite of his death in 1907. If so, his place is not determined "physically" (as is sneeringly suggested) but chronologically. I do not (in this connection) acknowledge any useful distinction between a song and a poem.

As to Saint-Pol Roux, Alain Tardieu's fairly recent volume of his poetry seems to me to show that what emerged in the 1930s from his long silent retreat at Camaret was neither very different nor better than what he wrote in the 1890s, still stamped with certain Symbolist affectations at their worst. How different it might have been if the Germans had not burnt his papers when the poor old man was taken off to hospital (Anthony Hardy's accuracy is not so perfect here) is another matter!

But surely this notion of a quasi-theological canon is ridiculous. Hardly less so the crime of describing Claudel as in many ways the most important poet of Rimbaud! As the context shows, this was being argued in connection with the emergence of the *vers libre*, while other, no less important aspects of Rimbaud's influence are, of course, adequately set forth on page xxiv of my introduction in connection with André Breton.

As to Apollinaire—where I fall flat on my face—this is apparently because I dare to say that his *Calligramme* or pictorial formulae do not produce anything better (or worse) than Rabelais's *Des Bouteilles* or Lewis Carroll's mouse—a feeling which I suspect many people have had. The simpler calligrammatic effects used in certain poems, like the falling rain in "Du Coton dans les Oreilles" (see to me) about the best I am also taken to mock about the part played by Apollinaire in the launching of Cubism. The *Chroniques d'Art* show Apollinaire as already in 1911 an enthusiastic expounder of Cubism, and there is no doubt his advocacy counted for more than any of the *conférences* listed so scrupulously two years later in *Les Poètes cubistes*.

Blaise Cendrars omitted. Of course I found myself tempted by the dear old *Prose du Transsibérien* but its thirty-seven pages would have been difficult to justify in a book of modest dimensions alongside a sample of Valéry Larbaud's similar *romanticisme du voyage*. Then we come to charges regarding André Breton: a typical *querelle d'allemand*, since I have more than suggested that much that Breton repeats as *coincident* coincidence appears to many people as trivial. The non-conclusiveness of the photographs in *Nadja* and *Un amour fin* are discussed indeed on page xxviii in the light of F. Alquié's comments. Queneau's *Le Chêne* summed up . . . as a story-teller whose strength lies in a wealth of amusing patter" but his verbal humour (too abundantly illustrated in *Les Temps Mûrs* and *Zazie*) is being contrasted with the pictorial

imagination of Prévert, a valid point I should have thought.

So far as the younger poets are concerned I am grudgingly allowed a fairly favourable comment for including Michel Deguy, at once taken back by a "what only one poem and dating from 1960!" Balance does not seem to matter to your reviewer compared to "adventurousness." I think he mistakes the purpose of my book, and I feel certain that if I had included Deguy's important "Chant-Royal" (it was set up by the printer) it would have discouraged a considerable category of readers.

Careless errors? Yes, there are always such, but it is André Prévert himself who dedicates his "Rois Mages" to Antoine (instead of Albert) Giacometti; Patrice de La Tour du Pin signs himself with a lower case "i"; there is surely no reason why the reader should not be allowed to learn the first names of those C.P. stalwarts, Aragon and Guillevic . . . And so on.

But perhaps enough has been said to indicate the lack of impartiality shown in this review. My publishers tell me that they have received quite a number of appreciative comments and *The Times Educational Supplement* takes a different view of the book. The most important bearing of this whole matter is not the merits or demerits of my work but the discredit which your valuable custom of the unsigned review receives from such an invective of its abuse.

ALAN M. BOASE,
39 Inverleith Place, Edinburgh, 3.
P.S. Both the *Dictionnaire Larousse* and the *Oxford Atlas* give L'Isle sur La Sorgue as the correct form of this place-name.

*Our reviewer writes:—Professor Boase cannot escape my charge that his anthology is a "poorly researched and sloppily edited" simply by pleading the (unexplained) difficulty of reading proofs while "in the antipodes"; it was not, of course, misprints that I criticized, but actual errors that should never have survived into print. It is just this fatalistic attitude of "Careless errors? Yes, there are always such, but it is inevitable" which constitutes one of the more depressing (and ominous) aspects of the present publishing scene in this country, where we have been long accustomed to a higher standard of accuracy; it would seem to me a positive critical duty to stem this drift whenever detected.

To reply to Professor Boase's comments on those of my criticisms he has chosen to take up:

(1) Jarry: It is silly to include him in an anthology of twentieth-century poetry for the excellent reason that almost all his poetry was written during the last decade of the nineteenth century; it is even sillier to represent him by a song written around 1890!

(2) Saint-Pol Roux: It is obviously a matter of personal choice whether or not one includes him among the nineteenth-century "survivors" in an anthology of twentieth-century poetry. I am not alone in my view that the poems counted for more than any of the *conférences* listed so scrupulously two years later in *Les Poètes cubistes*.

(3) Claudel: The idea that he was in many ways Rimbaud's most important remains absurd, despite Professor Boase's present hedging about the context of what was an unqualified claim; in any case, it is not in the prosodic structure of his *vers libres* that Claudel shows the influence of Rimbaud.

(4) Apollinaire: Professor Boase's explanations still leave him metaphorically prostrate. Yes, Apollinaire did finally get around to supporting Cubism in print in 1911; the previous year, mentioning "Cubism" for the first time, he dismissed it as a manifestation of "bizarres . . . une plate imitation" &c.; Picasso painted his seminal "Démolition d'Avignon" in 1907; Professor Boase's claim was that "Apollinaire helped Picasso and Braque to formulate the original Cubist movement in painting." As regards the *Calligrammes*, Professor Boase shares the sour and I would have thought by now outmoded view taken by Apollinaire's contemporaries.

Of his tenders: Omit him by all means, but he has worn badly "an opinion with which I profoundly disagree" why include something by him? I include him, the poet who resembles him most closely while lacking his splendid anarchic thrust? (And Professor Boase's remark about the length of *Transsibérien* won't wash, since his prints abbreviated versions of long

poems by several of the authors included.)
(6) Breton: The fact remains that Professor Boase referred flatly to "the obsession of André Breton" with "trivial coincidence" *le hasard objectif*. Neither at that point nor elsewhere in his introduction does he "merely suggest" that much that Breton regards as significant appears to many people as trivial. That would have been a legitimate point to make right or wrong: as it is he is guilty of saddling Breton with a definition of *hasard objectif* that is exactly the opposite of the true one.

(7) Queneau: Professor Boase does worse than sum up Queneau as "a storyteller . . . &c.," he queries "whether Queneau is really a poet" at all, labels him a "virtuoso of a kind" and then dismisses all but "a tiny residue of his poetry as mere improvised triviality." An astonishing assessment of this remarkable poet must surely call into question Professor Boase's standards of judgment.

(8) Deguy: So the inclusion of a second poem by the one "experimental" poet allowed into the book would have upset its balance? I would have thought that, in an anthology which allows—for instance—eighteen pages to "Pers" (let us against 1) to Reverdy, there was precious little left to leave, anyhow.

(9) Aragon, Guillevic: Are we to assume that if these two poets had been Gaullists rather than communists, Professor Boase would have had the courtesy to award them their correct and long-accepted appellations?

(10) La Tour du Pin: I am astonished to learn that La Tour du Pin had ever signed his name with a lower-case "i." If indeed this assumption does not arise from an innocent misreading, on Professor Boase's part, of the signatures he has scrutinized.

The poet's surname is, of course, and always has been La Tour du Pin with a capital "L"; even if there were any doubt at all about the matter, Professor Boase's hopeful method of alternating "la" and "La" throughout the book is not really the ideal solution.

(11) Prévert: I owe an apology to Professor Boase here: unlike his "Antoine" Arnaud there really is an Antoine Giacometti, but my own rather tardy research reveals that he was not, as I assumed, and as I rather do from his letter, Professor Boase also assumed, dedicated by Prévert to his friend Alberto Giacometti but to another friend, homonymous but unrelated to the sculptor, and of no particular artistic or literary fame.

(12) Every authority on Chir I have consulted gives the form "L'Isle-Sorgue" (with hyphens).

(13) Finally, it is difficult to know what to make of Professor Boase's complaint of "personal hostility" and "lack of impartiality." I hope the first accusation is disposed of if I say that I am not personally acquainted with Professor Boase. As for the second: if this means, as the dictionary holds, "prejudice" and "unfairness," I cannot see what way (pace the title matter of the *French edition*) I have been unfair to Professor Boase. Certainly he has refuted none of my criticisms, and my only prejudice I will admit to is a firmly rooted one against carelessness to charge he admits.

Johnson on Shakespeare

Sir, I am sure your other readers found Mr. John Crow's witty, if caustic, apology (September 25) for his career as an editor of Johnson as entertaining as I did, but I doubt that those seriously concerned with problems of modern editing were convinced by his arguments in defence of his editorial practice. To come at once to the points on which I criticized his *Reynard Johnson*:

1. His error in dating the first known publication of *The Bravery of the English Common Soldiers* (as Johnson puts it "a very gently paraphrased") I used the wrong edition of Nichol Smith's. This must have been the 1913 C.E.L. bibliography of Johnson (the bibliography of 1915, would hardly be called an "edition of Nichol Smith"). Nichol Smith, a fine scholar, added much to our knowledge of Johnsonian bibliography in the quarter-century before his C.E.L. article, 1940 (still ten years earlier than the appearance of Crow's volume). The 1913 list was thus a very wrong edition to use; indeed, so wrong that most scholars would regard an editor's reliance on a bibliography of his author so long superseded as proof of his not knowing the fundamentals of his business. Unless, of application, of Mr. Crow's preference for early editions. I have not the

same faith in an author's second thoughts that Mr. Greene has. Most of us, I think, will continue to have considerable faith in Nichol Smith's second thoughts.

2. Mr. Crow tells less than the whole story when he attempts to use his text in line 74 of *London* by saying it "erred in the good company of Nichol Smith and McAdam." The Nichol Smith and McAdam text (1941) does not read, as Mr. Crow does,

And strive in vain to laugh at Hervey's jest.

It reads:

And strive in vain to laugh at Hervey's jest.

It is one thing to do as Nichol Smith and McAdam did: to print the reading of the most authoritative editions, and then, in a footnote, to append a speculation that the concealed name was "Hervey." It is quite another to do as Mr. Crow has done: to oust the authoritative reading and replace it by one of his own, for which there is no textual authority at all; and if Housman, when Mr. Crow points to him as one of his mentors in editing, were alive, he would point out the difference to him in terms that would make Mr. Crow's ears tingle more furiously than anything I am capable of. Nichol Smith's and McAdam's sound practice makes it possible for a later student to arrive at the more probable expansion, "Hervey," Mr. Crow's debar it.

3. The letter of the Warburton note which Raleigh, and, forty years later, Mr. Crow, published is Johnson's generally towards early editions: if he does not like "obsession," let us call it "fondness" for his proclaimed distrust of authors' "second thoughts" surely warrants as much. The two are of course connected, since if Mr. Crow had not contented himself with consulting only the first edition of Johnson's *Shakespeare* (or was it Raleigh he consulted?) but had taken the trouble to look at the later revised edition (1773) in which Johnson supplied the correct attribution, the mistake would not have occurred.

What is highly amusing, however, is that not only does the mistake discredit Mr. Crow's principle that first editions are likely to be the best, but the second edition, which is the one that convinced me that Mr. Crow does not believe in the principle himself. For while proclaiming, "I do not have the same faith in an author's second thoughts that Mr. Greene has," at the same time he obdies me for neglecting his second edition. So does your reviewer (September 18): "Incidentally, it is wrong when he says that the Reynard volume, 'continues to be reissued, uncorrected,' the mistake about Warburton's note was corrected in the second edition (1957)." Clearly it depends on what author the second thoughts belong to: Johnson's may be neglected with comparative impunity; let no one neglect Mr. Crow's!

Incidentally, I am not wrong when I say that the Reynard collection continues to be reissued uncorrected. I have before me a copy of it whose title page bears the imprint "Harvard University Press/Cambridge, Massachusetts/1967"—no other date whatsoever for it appears anywhere in the volume—and which continues to be sold to unsuspecting students on this side of the Atlantic (at considerably more than 30s. even for the paper-bound form). I open it at pages 380-90, and find the Warburton note still staring me in the face, in the midst of genuine Johnsonian notes, with no attempt at differentiation (as I still find Hervey's text on page 29, precisely as the 1950 edition did). I submit that, in the ordinary sense of language, this is an uncorrected state.

To be sure, on page 12 there is a short "Note to Second Edition," signed "J. C.", which begins, "This edition had already gone to press when Professor Sherbo . . . pointed out that the note on page 380, by Warburton. Had it? In 1967? This is not a correction: it is an explanation of why a correction was not made; and in conjunction with the sole date given for the work, 1967, it is a little disingenuous. The purchaser is surely entitled to a fuller explanation of why a decade has not been enough time to make the correction.

Your reviewer's latest comments provide us with instruction in his specialized use of language. "Excellent," in his, and our, knowledge of Johnsonian bibliography in the quarter-century before his C.E.L. article, 1940 (still ten years earlier than the appearance of Crow's volume). The 1913 list was thus a very wrong edition to use; indeed, so wrong that most scholars would regard an editor's reliance on a bibliography of his author so long superseded as proof of his not knowing the fundamentals of his business. Unless, of application, of Mr. Crow's preference for early editions. I have not the

Books received

LESTER BURBANK, *Gargoyles, Chimères, and the Grotto in French Gothic Sculpture*, 1969. New York: Da Capo Press, \$37.50.

When Lester Burbank Bridgman's *Gargoyles, Chimères, and the Grotto in French Gothic Sculpture* was called—came out in 1930, it was a very amply illustrated and useful book. It was a book of the same time convenient books of medieval sculpture, and one was grateful—though recognizing its shortcomings. Now, with such a read proof on the piece as requested the printer to do a "style" in this matter, the work, he would have received the same day as today. The italics are in place. They have made "Johnson's" ever after the modern editor who does them.

In any case, a page of meaningful captions and the author's or someone's "troubled nobody" have troubled your reviewer's mind. The two are of course connected, since if Mr. Crow had not contented himself with consulting only the first edition of Johnson's *Shakespeare* (or was it Raleigh he consulted?) but had taken the trouble to look at the later revised edition (1773) in which Johnson supplied the correct attribution, the mistake would not have occurred.

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ability to describe so entertainingly and minutely the creatures he delights in watching: insect colonies, the marine life of rock pools, and his own particular domestic pets. A barn owl, one Lampadus, whose flights round the attic should have been as "soft and as silent as dandelion clocks", baby hedgehog (killed inadvertently by his over-indulgent sister), and his pup Roger "that indefatigable student of natural history". All this interspersed with the caustic wit which trips so easily off the author's pen. Not a single illustration, but when words can paint so fine a picture they are not greatly missed.

JOHN, *June. King of the Witches: The World of Alex Sanders*. 155pp. Peter Davies, 35s.

This is the successor of a little boy in Manchester who was initiated by granny at the age of seven as a witch and is now head of 107 covens, King of the Witches, and probably the most powerful witch in Europe.

June Johns, a Christian turned agnostic, has a soft spot for white magic—or even black. Indeed the caption to one of her curious photographs is "The notorious black mass—nothing more than a feast in a circle which witches believe is shared with their god". But witchcraft and magic, white or black, as her narrative shows, is chance and often dangerous. Even taken on its own journalistic terms, which are not easy to accept as such, this folksy explanation of devils (which are, she explains, "only little gods") is a most equivocal work. It appears to be objective, yet at the same time it accepts a range of clairvoyant and magical phenomena, exceptional even by the standards of Crowleyan achievement.

LEONARD, KATHLEEN (Editor), *A Register of Marriages in the Parish of Hawkshead*. 70pp. The Research Publishing Company, 35s.

A year-by-year transcript of marriages registered in the Lancashire parish of Hawkshead between 1754 and 1837. Miss Leonard has been content to transcribe rather than edit: there is no preliminary comment on the entries, but she adds, in addition to an index, statistical tables showing the annual numbers of marriages and the occupations and status of the contracting parties.

NIJAM, S. H. P., *Nobility under the Sultans of Delhi, A.D. 1206-1585*. 223pp. Delhi: Munshiram Manoharlal, Rs. 25.

This painstaking and detailed study of the power and status of the nobility surrounding the Delhi Sultanate under the Iltutmish, Khaljis and Tughlaks brings together a mass of information derived from content-poor and later sources. Thanks to Dr. Nijam's industry, it is now possible to form almost as clear an idea of the "barons" who surrounded successive sultans as of the personalities of the court of Akbar. These magnates bear little resemblance to their contemporaries in Europe: the entire system was non-feudal; it was based, not upon the possession of land but of office. The changes resulting from the gradual decay of a purely racial elite of Turkish blood and its modification by the admission of "new men" are well brought out. This book is essential reading for everyone who wishes to understand the political structure of the Delhi Sultanate, which has not been studied in such detail before.

TEGNER, HENRY, *The Magic of Holy Island*. 160pp. Newcastle: Frank Graham, 30s.

As a frequent visitor to Holy Island, off the coast of Northumberland, Mr. Tegner knows his subject well and here introduces other visitors to its history, its wild life, and its religious and literary associations. His special interest is in the fauna of the island and much of the book is given up to description of the animals and birds found there. The style tends to be choppy and somewhat pedestrian, but the book is written out of an intimacy with and an affection for the place and is attractively illustrated.

THE *Peirce of Newcastle upon Tyne*. 186pp. B. & W. Books, £2 5s.

industrial history as well as a picture of the town as it was a century and a half ago. If the original is now hard to find, this well-produced facsimile makes a satisfying substitute.

EDWARDS, I. GORONWY, *The Principality of Wales, 1267-1967*. 44pp. Caernarvon: Caernarvonshire Historical Society, 5s.

Dr. Goronwy Edwards in this address to the Caernarvonshire Historical Society finds his starting-point in the treaty of Montgomery made between Llywelyn and Henry III in 1267. This, he points out, not only recognized Llywelyn's principality but determined its extent and character, and Llywelyn should be seen not as the last Prince of Wales, but rather as the first. Dr. Edwards also considers some of the important developments in the constitutional history of the principality during the ensuing 700 years.

HARRISON, BRIAN, and TRINDER, BARRIE, *Drink and Sobriety in an Early Victorian Country Town: Banbury 1830-1860*. 72pp. Longmans, 12s. 6d.

This is a study of the drinking habits and of the temperance movement in Banbury in the thirty years between 1830 and 1860. The authors' investigation leads them to the conclusion that the Temperance Society in fact had little influence on the decline in drinking, which is explained rather by better recreational facilities, an improved water supply and police force, and the arrival of the railway. The study is a supplement (No. 4) to the *English Historical Review*.

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VACANT APPOINTMENTS

Librarians

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Applications are invited from qualified persons for the post of Assistant Librarian in the Department of Library Services, University of Aberdeen. The successful candidate will be responsible for the day-to-day running of the department and will be expected to contribute to the development of the service. The post is full-time and involves a salary of £11,000 per annum. Applications should be sent to the Librarian, University of Aberdeen, 100 George Street, Aberdeen AB9 8QY.

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Applications are invited from qualified persons for the post of Librarian in the University of Bradford. The successful candidate will be responsible for the day-to-day running of the library service and will be expected to contribute to the development of the service. The post is full-time and involves a salary of £11,000 per annum. Applications should be sent to the Librarian, University of Bradford, 100 George Street, Bradford BD1 1JH.

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Applications are invited from qualified persons for the post of Librarian in the Buckinghamshire Education Authority. The successful candidate will be responsible for the day-to-day running of the library service and will be expected to contribute to the development of the service. The post is full-time and involves a salary of £11,000 per annum. Applications should be sent to the Librarian, Buckinghamshire Education Authority, 100 George Street, Aylesbury HP8 4JH.

LONDON BOROUGH OF
HACKNEY

LIBRARIAN
Applications are invited from qualified persons for the post of Librarian in the London Borough of Hackney. The successful candidate will be responsible for the day-to-day running of the library service and will be expected to contribute to the development of the service. The post is full-time and involves a salary of £11,000 per annum. Applications should be sent to the Librarian, London Borough of Hackney, 100 George Street, Hackney, London E8 3JH.

DERBY BOROUGH
LIBRARIES

LIBRARIAN
Applications are invited from qualified persons for the post of Librarian in the Derby Borough Libraries. The successful candidate will be responsible for the day-to-day running of the library service and will be expected to contribute to the development of the service. The post is full-time and involves a salary of £11,000 per annum. Applications should be sent to the Librarian, Derby Borough Libraries, 100 George Street, Derby DE1 1JH.

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AND ISLE OF ELY
LIBRARY

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Applications are invited from qualified persons for the post of Librarian in the Cambridgeshire and Isle of Ely Library. The successful candidate will be responsible for the day-to-day running of the library service and will be expected to contribute to the development of the service. The post is full-time and involves a salary of £11,000 per annum. Applications should be sent to the Librarian, Cambridgeshire and Isle of Ely Library, 100 George Street, Cambridge CB1 1JH.

BOROUGH OF
GUILDFORD

LIBRARIAN
Applications are invited from qualified persons for the post of Librarian in the Borough of Guildford. The successful candidate will be responsible for the day-to-day running of the library service and will be expected to contribute to the development of the service. The post is full-time and involves a salary of £11,000 per annum. Applications should be sent to the Librarian, Borough of Guildford, 100 George Street, Guildford GU1 1JH.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE
COUNTY COUNCIL

LIBRARIAN
Applications are invited from qualified persons for the post of Librarian in the Gloucestershire County Council. The successful candidate will be responsible for the day-to-day running of the library service and will be expected to contribute to the development of the service. The post is full-time and involves a salary of £11,000 per annum. Applications should be sent to the Librarian, Gloucestershire County Council, 100 George Street, Gloucester GL1 1JH.

UNIVERSITY OF
OXFORD

LIBRARIAN
Applications are invited from qualified persons for the post of Librarian in the University of Oxford. The successful candidate will be responsible for the day-to-day running of the library service and will be expected to contribute to the development of the service. The post is full-time and involves a salary of £11,000 per annum. Applications should be sent to the Librarian, University of Oxford, 100 George Street, Oxford OX1 1JH.

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THE HATFIELD
POLYTECHNIC
LIBRARY

LIBRARIAN
Applications are invited from qualified persons for the post of Librarian in the Hatfield Polytechnic Library. The successful candidate will be responsible for the day-to-day running of the library service and will be expected to contribute to the development of the service. The post is full-time and involves a salary of £11,000 per annum. Applications should be sent to the Librarian, Hatfield Polytechnic Library, 100 George Street, Hatfield AL9 8JH.

IMPERIAL COLLEGE OF
SCIENCE & TECHNOLOGY

LIBRARIAN
Applications are invited from qualified persons for the post of Librarian in the Imperial College of Science & Technology. The successful candidate will be responsible for the day-to-day running of the library service and will be expected to contribute to the development of the service. The post is full-time and involves a salary of £11,000 per annum. Applications should be sent to the Librarian, Imperial College of Science & Technology, 100 George Street, London SW7 2BZ.

LOWESTOFT
CORPORATION

LIBRARIAN
Applications are invited from qualified persons for the post of Librarian in the Lowestoft Corporation. The successful candidate will be responsible for the day-to-day running of the library service and will be expected to contribute to the development of the service. The post is full-time and involves a salary of £11,000 per annum. Applications should be sent to the Librarian, Lowestoft Corporation, 100 George Street, Lowestoft IP11 1JH.

MANCHESTER REGIONAL
HOSPITAL BOARD

LIBRARIAN
Applications are invited from qualified persons for the post of Librarian in the Manchester Regional Hospital Board. The successful candidate will be responsible for the day-to-day running of the library service and will be expected to contribute to the development of the service. The post is full-time and involves a salary of £11,000 per annum. Applications should be sent to the Librarian, Manchester Regional Hospital Board, 100 George Street, Manchester M1 1JH.

UNIVERSITY OF
OXFORD

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The NetherlandsASSISTANT
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The successful applicant will join a busy department where modern techniques of information storage retrieval are used.

The duties will include:

- Compiling indices to various document collections.
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Applicants should possess a degree or equivalent qualification in chemistry, pharmacy or biology.

Reading knowledge of German is necessary as well as a keen interest in modern information techniques.

An attractive salary will be offered, depending on qualifications and experience.

Brocades is a pharmaceutical firm with a Research department in Haarlem.

Haarlem is situated about 12 miles from Amsterdam and has ± 170,000 inhabitants.

Applications, giving full details, should be addressed to: Drs. P.J. Wuis, Research Laboratory Brocades, Parklaan 125 Haarlem, the Netherlands.

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VACANT APPOINTMENTS



This is an opportunity for a Chartered Librarian to organize a small library in the Medical Information Centre of our Group Headquarters in London. Duties will include literature searches, compiling bibliographies, ordering, cataloguing, and classifying books and journals, collecting pharmaceutical publicity material, and maintaining a file of microfilms.

The post will be of interest to librarians, probably in their late twenties, who have experience in medical or pharmaceutical libraries.

Attractive conditions of employment are offered.

Please write, quoting ref. L873, and giving brief but relevant details, to Senior Personnel Officer, Group Personnel Division, The Wellcome Foundation Limited, 183 Euston Road, London, N.W.1.

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THE GIPPSLAND INSTITUTE OF
ADVANCED EDUCATION

An autonomous tertiary educational institution affiliated with the Victoria Institute of Colleges has been established in Gippsland, Victoria (Australia) to serve the total needs of Eastern Victoria. The institution is at present accommodated in the buildings of the Yallourn Technical College, Newborough, and incorporates the tertiary section of that College. A 100 acre site for the Institute has been acquired at Churchill, 100 miles east of Melbourne, and it is expected that building operations will commence early in 1970.

The Council invites applications for the position of

PRINCIPAL

DUTIES: The Principal will be the chief executive officer and will be generally responsible for the overall supervision of the institution, for advising the Council on academic, financial, staffing and administrative policy, and for implementing Council decisions. As a member of Council, the Principal will be expected to play a leading role in the development of the new institution.

QUALIFICATIONS: Applicants must hold a degree, preferably a higher degree, in Engineering, Science or other appropriate branch of learning. They must have outstanding executive experience and organizing ability. Drive, vision and flexibility of approach will be essential to meet the requirements of this challenging position.

SALARY: \$Aust. 9,900 (Rates of salaries in Colleges of Advanced Education are at present under review.)

CONDITIONS: Assistance with travelling will be provided and fares for the successful applicant and his family and reasonable removal costs will be paid. Schedule of employment may be obtained by application to the Acting President at the address below. It is desired that the successful applicant commence duties as early as possible in 1970.

Applications giving personal details, qualifications, experience in previous appointments, present position, and the names and addresses of three referees should be forwarded to the Acting President, P.O. Box 103, Newborough, Victoria, 3828 (Australia), before 31 December, 1969.

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